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May 1996

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Advertisers Enroll in Ivy League Network

When General Motors' Chevrolet division was shopping this spring for magazines in which to kick off the campaign for its 1995 Corvette, it found some in a sleepy corner of academe.

By May, glossy two-page Corvette ads were appearing in the alumni magazines of Brown, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton, Stanford, Yale and the University of Pennsylvania.

This year, Chevrolet was one of 22 national advertisers to make use of the Ivy League Magazine Network, which sells space in the nonprofit alumni magazines that keep graduates of seven Ivy League schools and non-Ivy Stanford up-to-date on campus news and classmates' comings-and-goings. (Columbia, the eighth member of the Ivy League, doesn't have a magazine.)

The Corvette ad shows the sleek yellow sports car parked on an elegant street, while a rugged-looking young man strolls by with a longing, backward glance. "The average dream lasts 6.6 minutes," reads the tagline. "This isn't your average dream."

"People, especially guys when they're young, see a Corvette and say, 'That's where I want to be.' And that's not too far from the concept of the Ivy League," says Lew Eads, Corvette's advertising manager.

The idea of the Ivy network is strength in numbers, combined with impeccable demographics. Or, as the network pitches it: "880,000 highly educated, successful and well-rewarded readers—in the privacy of their own home." The magazines' combined circulation is comparable to that of The New Yorker—and their readers are even more affluent—in other words, attractive to marketers of \$45,000 Corvettes and other luxury goods.



The network, headquartered in Cambridge, Mass., has existed for a quarter of a century. But only this year did it begin a full-blown marketing campaign to draw advertisers' attention to its elite readership. "The demographics haven't changed; it was just a well-kept secret for awhile," says Laura Freid, the network's executive director and the publisher of Harvard Magazine.

New sales teams in Detroit, New York and Cambridge helped boost the network's advertising sales revenue 20% this year to \$1.41 million, reflecting a 27% increase in advertising pages.

While each school magazine sells ad space individually, the network offers a 10% discount for ad placements in at least three Ivy League publications. It costs \$12,095 for a four-color, full-page ad in Harvard Magazine alone; by placing the same ad through the network, the cost of space in Harvard Magazine drops to \$10,885, says Tom Schreckinger, a network sales manager in New York. Most companies advertise in the eight alumni magazines plus the Harvard Business Bulletin, he adds, at a bulk rate of \$40,175.

According to Mendelsohn Media Research, an independent New York-based research company, the median household income of Ivy network readers is \$115,200. That's higher than Business Week (\$107,500), Forbes (\$104,600), Town and Country (\$99,700) and The New Yorker (\$99,600), according to a 1994 Mendelsohn survey of upscale households.

With prices rising, "the affluent base is becoming more and more important to advertisers," says Mitch Lurin, Mendelsohn's president. Only four publications boast median household incomes higher than the Ivy League magazines: The Economist (\$121,000), Wine Spectator (\$119,600), Worth (\$117,800) and New York (\$115,000), according to Mr. Lurin.

Toyota's Lexus began advertising through the network six years ago. "It is a good, upscale, educated market that has

always understood the essence of smart value," says Ken Thomas, a Lexus marketing and sales manager. Lexus targets a "similar, educated crowd" by advertising in Smithsonian, The New Yorker and The Atlantic Monthly, he adds.

Along with demographics, the Ivy network markets the professed loyalty of its readers to their alma maters, and the time they spend poring through the magazines' class notes and obituaries.

"The more that readers are involved in a magazine, the more they care about the advertising," says Anita McGrath, associate media director for DDB Needham, the agency for Bermuda Tourism, which has advertised in the alumni magazines for two years. This year Turkish Tourism and Cunard Cruise Lines also came aboard, in search of consumers with a disposition—and the income—for luxury vacations.

The network keeps less than 20% of the total ad revenue, and distributes the rest to the individual magazines. For some publications, this year's surge in advertising could mean new resources for expanding readership.

The Pennsylvania Gazette is mailed free to all University of Pennsylvania alumni for 25 years, a circulation of 84,000. Aided by network sales, the magazine saw a 25% jump in both national and local advertising space this year. The extra revenue allows the company to send magazines to more of its alumni, says Burton Ploener, the magazine's advertising coordinator.

"The money that has trickled down from the network has helped us," says Mr. Ploener. "We would eventually like to distribute to all the 210,000 living alums."

by Alessandra Galloni
 August 8, 1995

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BROWN

A L U M N I M O N T H L Y



UNDER THE ELMS 10

Returning artifacts to Native Americans . . . exonerating the psychiatry department . . . catching a glimpse of Salman Rushdie . . . student artists show their work . . . a student-musician redefines "Renaissance Man" . . . David Rohde '90 wins a Pulitzer . . . Web pick of the month . . . Since Last Time . . . and more.

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Time Tripping

By Daniel Asa Rose '71

The People Next Door

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It's a few short blocks from College Hill to Fox Point, but the distance between Brown and some of the neighborhood's old-timers might as well be miles. *By Jennifer Sutton*

The Alchemist

30

Think turning coffee cups into Coke cans sounds impossible? Engineering graduate student Michael O'Brien may prove you wrong. *By Norman Boucher*

Portrait: Do It, Rockapella!

32

A cappella singers Sean Altman '83 and Elliott Kerman '81 have done national television. They've toured from Japan to Vegas. Now all they want is some good ol' pop stardom.

By Jennifer Sutton

COVER: Manuel Pedroso has operated Friends Market on Brook Street in Fox Point for forty years. His clientele for sweetbread and chourico (sausage) has expanded beyond the neighborhood's older Portuguese-speaking residents. Photograph by Catherine Karnow '82.

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Ringside Seat

One chilly spring day my freshman year at Pembroke, I took a walk down Brook Street far (it seemed) from my Meeting Street dormitory. It was the waning of the Age of Aquarius, and I was in search of a *de rigueur* late-sixties garment: a long, many-pocketed denim jacket to be worn over denim bellbottoms and a tie-eyed shirt.

Adler's, said the older Pembroke whose jacket I'd admired. You have to go to Fox Point (where?) and on Wickenden Street near South Main, you'll find Adler's Hardware and Army-Navy Store. Be careful — it's a funny neighborhood.

So I set off. Soon the familiar stores of Thayer Street were behind me. The houses became small and close; many had pastel siding. Bud-covered rose bushes climbed chamlink fences, and laundry flapped on clotheslines. There was no grass, few trees. Although it was broad daylight and I didn't see a single suspicious character, I was nervous. This was no longer my turf.

"Back then, you needed a passport to come to Fox Point," jokes Harry Adler, forty-one, the current proprietor (with his cousin Marc) of Adler's Hardware. "People talked about 'crossing the border' into the neighborhood." It was, in many ways, another world, where the residents spoke Portuguese and large families lived in adjoining houses or filled three-deckers.

I managed to find Adler's that day.



COURTESY OF ADLER'S

Fox Point merchant Fred Adler in his clothing store, 1932.

Its clothing room was an ersatz hippie's dream — shelves and racks of Army jackets, real sailors' bellbottoms, off-white painter's pants, work shirts . . . and the very denim jacket I coveted.

That was the first of many visits I've made to Adler's Hardware, which operates today in the same location where Harry's grandfather set up shop seventy-seven years ago. He started it as an Army-Navy surplus store, clothing the hard-working dockworkers and factory laborers who populated Fox Point for two-thirds of this century. Today Adler's, like Fox Point itself, has changed (see page 20). Much of the neighborhood is gentrified, the old houses meticulously restored to their eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century glory. "We've expanded our paint and home-decorating areas," Harry Adler says. "It's a niche opportunity where we can out-serve the 'big boxes' — the omnivorous discount chain stores like Home Depot that have sprouted in the suburbs.

The restoration of antique Fox Point houses by wealthier newcomers has priced many blue-collar families out of

the neighborhood, and the small-town feel of the area has changed. Wickenden Street is funkier, prettier, and loaded with yuppie eateries. But places like Manny Almeida's Ringside Lounge, a popular Cape Verdean watering-hole for decades (I remember going in through the rear door, marked "Ladies Entrance"), have closed, their clientele moved away.

Harry Adler, who began working at the store when he was ten ("our family's mandatory employment age") and has seen the neighborhood almost wholly reinvent itself, is one of many who miss the warmth of Fox Point's earlier days, not to mention the ease of finding fresh-baked Portuguese sweetbread down the street. Yet he also appreciates the upscale changes, which have helped his business endure at a time when two out of three independent hardware stores are closing, victims of the big boxes.

I yelped when I opened the April issue of *East Side Monthly* and saw the Adler's ad: "All clothing half-price!" Adlers was going out of the clothes business. "If you looked at our sales figures," Harry explains, "you'd realize we should have shut down the clothing operation a long time ago. We've hesitated because of its appealing culture and because of our history." He sighs. "It's the end of an era."

True for Adler's; true, too, for Fox Point. — A.D.

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Address correction requested

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Whose university?

In recent years I've come to regard the *B.A.M.* as a somewhat unwelcome arrival. Like others of my college generation I've become tired of the mag's p.c. attitude and advocacy of multiculturalism, campus homosexuality, and so on. Usually I scan the classnotes and the necrology, but by chance I came across the February Studentside page written by Tabitha Teresa Anne Suarez '97.

What joy to read this forthright indictment of Brown's foibles – and written by an undergraduate who actually *works* to help pay her tuition! It seems incredible that the young woman, whose surname is Hispanic, wasn't given a free ride at Brown. Maybe she didn't apply for special treatment. Even more astonishing: her article made no demand for preferential treatment based on alleged historical discrimination. Nevertheless, she suffers discrimination from classmates who should be ashamed of themselves.

To this elderly alumnus it seems miraculous that the *B.A.M.* would publish Ms. Suarez's piece. But what new slurs and rancor she must be suffering in its wake. Brown needs more undergraduates like her – young people willing to stand on their own feet and strive for excellence despite peer and faculty hostility.

Congratulations to Ms. Suarez for her courage. "Are you my university?" she asks. Only she can answer the question. Brown ceased being *my* university long years ago.

E. Howard Hunt '40
Miami

O, Pioneer!

Congratulations to the *B.A.M.* and author Jane Lancaster for the article about Lillian Moller Gilbreth '15 Ph.D. ("O, Pioneer!", February). As a child I met Lillian's daugh-



ter, Anne Gilbreth Cross, when she was coaching my mother in piano at the house on the corner of Cabot and Meeting streets. I had waited patiently (I was about five years of age), and at the conclusion of the lesson Mrs. Cross agreed with my mother that I should be taken to Laura Carr's for ice cream. Naturally, I was greatly impressed by Mrs. Cross. (I believe the ice cream was strawberry.)

One interesting note: The Gilbreths invented the term "therblig" to describe the lowest effort a person could produce. The word, as you can see, is approximately the name Gilbreth reversed.

Walter E. Allan
Howey-in-the-Hills, Fla.

Jane Lancaster's article about Lillian Gilbreth brought back wonderful memories. My best friend, one of twelve children, gave me *Cheaper by the Dozen* to read one summer when we were ten or eleven. We both loved it. Later my mom and I read the sequels together.

My mother was a pioneer in her own right, a member of the first class of women admitted to Harvard Medical School in the mid-forties. As I read the *B.A.M.* article, it occurred to me that her sharing these books may have gone beyond entertaining me; she probably saw in Lillian Gilbreth a kindred spirit.

All these years I never knew Lillian Gilbreth and I shared an alma mater. I am surprised and pleased to find out.

Kate McKusick '81
Portola Valley, Calif.
mckusick@shgc.stanford.edu

Challenging the familiar

Like most impressions, those voiced by four Brown undergraduates who spent

some time at Oxford ("Great Books, Gowns, and Guinness," November) contain some truth and some confusion.

Since the students spent a relatively short time at a relatively anomalous college, they misunderstand the experience of most Oxford undergraduates. The uniformity of the examination system makes it impossible, and undesirable, that each student follow a "unique academic trajectory." Far from fostering an "anti-intellectual social climate," in my experience Oxford generates an intellectual excitement unparalleled in my (American) education. Moreover, the assertion that the study of history is about "political developments and military strategies ... about battles and kings and acts and treaties" bears little resemblance to the history teaching I know.

My real beef, however, is with the author, who apparently succumbed to the temptation to transform four students' views into an exercise in public relations. Thus, a year away vindicates "Brown's more liberal, experimental academic philosophy." Must the Brown curriculum be justified at every turn? Is not the point of going away to challenge what is familiar?

Chase E. Robinson '85
Oxford, England

The writer is University Lecturer in Islamic History and Fellow, Wolfson College, at the University of Oxford. — Editor

How to succeed, sort of

Barry Fagin '82 writes (Mail, February) that he found Frances Goldscheider's use of the term "egalitarian family" disturbing in her review of my book, *Kidding Ourselves* (Books, October). His wife, he writes, excelled in law school, then chose with enthusiasm to stay at home and raise their children. He objects to the idea that his family might not be egalitarian.

In my book, I apply the term "non-traditional" to couples in which the father does half or more of the hands-on work of child-raising. I use "egalitarian," with some irony, to describe a couple that tries to share child-raising equally, but fails, for reasons laid out in detail.

It sounds as though Mr. Fagin and his wife treat each other with love and

TO OUR READERS

Letters are always welcome, and we try to print all we receive. Preference will be given to those that address the content of the magazine. Please limit letters to 200 words. We reserve the right to edit for style, clarity, and length.

respect. He is doing what she "truly wanted to do. Make power to them!"

The point of my book, however, is that women will never achieve economic equality with men if they continue to prefer the management Mr. Fagin and his wife have chosen. I describe steps that women who want a demanding career and children can take to persuade their male partners to do oodles of house-hold management and child-raising.

Precisely because I think there are big advantages to a division of labor in child-raising, I make a radical proposal: that nontraditional women stay open-minded about appealing men who happen to earn less money than they do. These women's higher paychecks — along with love and respect — can persuade husbands to cut back their hours and travel and to take on primary responsibility for the children. My book gives many examples from real families. Marrying for love, not money, may turn out to be the key not only to women's economic equality, but also to marital happiness for millions.

Rhona Mahony '79
Stanford, Calif.

Department of corrections

Cornel West (Elms, February) would scarcely have "resembled a preacher in his pulpit" if he actually "gripped the podium" as he addressed his audience at the Solomon Center. Surely, instead, he stood upon the podium and gripped the lectern as he spoke.

Geoffrey C. Thomas '70
Washington, D.C.

Conor Bohan '92 writes (Mail, February) that Henry VII crowned himself King of Ireland in 1541. As Henry VII died in 1509 (he lived 1457–1509 and reigned 1485–1509), surely Bohan's history is confused or a typo crept into his letter.

Wilfrid R. Koponen '76
Albuquerque, N.M.

Henry VIII was the king referred to by correspondent Bohan. The BAM regrets the mis-spelling error. — Editor

As a former B-52 instructor pilot and deputy commander of the first B-52 raid over Vietnam, I can unequivocally state that no B-52 ever flew with a propeller as depicted on page 13 of the February

issue ("McNamara's War," Elms). Said propeller probably came from the wreckage of an AC-47, a gunship based on the venerable "Gooney Bird" of World War II fame. Perhaps [James] Blight's vision was temporarily clouded by tears. Then again he may have been placing too much stock in Mr. McNamara's drivel.

Richard Ionata '57
Battle Ground, Wash.

As far as I know the B-52 never used any propellers among its many engines. Looks like the Vietnamese have constructed a monument of generic airplane debris. Maybe there are B-52 parts mixed in.

Don Kaon '73
Huntington Beach, Calif.
kaonta@ibm.net

Redesign maligned

On a scale of 1 to 10:

• Your former (nine-year-young) format: 9.

• Your redesigned format: 2.

Bill Golden '48
La Grange, Ga.



**Some ideas are the right answers
because they are the right questions.**

Bearish on Brown

I was startled to read the highlights of the annual financial report for the fiscal year 1995 ("Budget Talk," *Times*, February). On the one hand, the rate of return for the endowment was shown at 7.8 percent. This seems rather low, particularly when the yield component (interest dividend income) is included.

On the other hand, your article made favorable reference to Brown's operating budget growing at "less than 5 percent in each of the last five years." But even annual cost increases of just under 5 percent appear rather high, coming at a time when inflation has been surprisingly low. Five years of cost increases at just under 5 percent annually, compounded, presents an overall increase in the operating budget of more than 25 percent. I take this to mean average costs or indexed costs, since I doubt the student body has expanded by 25 percent over the past five years.

The hefty annual cost increases are largely responsible for making a Brown education barely affordable for many middle-class American families. It is hard to get enthusiastic about giving to Brown

when the return on the portfolio is only 7.8 percent during a bull market in equities and a booming market in bonds.

James Rudolph '66
New York City

Senior Vice President for Finance and Administration Donald J. Reaves replies.

I share Mr. Rudolph's lack of enthusiasm for the one-year return of 7.8 percent on Brown's endowment. But one year is too short a period to judge the success or failure of an investment strategy — particularly that of an endowment, which has the longest time horizon of any investment. Looked at in a longer-term context, Brown's returns have been very strong. The annual average compound return over three years stands at 11.6 percent, over five years, 10.8 percent, over ten years, 12.2 percent, and over fifteen years, 13.5 percent. For a diversified portfolio designed to increase and preserve asset value when adjusted for inflation over time, these returns are competitive in the U.S. equity and bond markets.

Besides U.S. stocks, which fueled the market increase last fiscal year, Brown held investments in international equities,

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emerging market equities, private equities, energy and real estate stocks, investment partnerships, global bonds, and cash. It follows, then, that in a strong domestic market the endowment performance will lag behind the Standard and Poors 500 stock index. When the U.S. market presents a more challenging environment, the endowment should again outperform the relative measures.

As of December 31, the market value of the endowment had risen to \$750 million. The total return for the calendar year 1995 was 15.9 percent.

Regarding the other issue raised by Mr. Rudolph, Brown's budgetary growth of less than 5 percent over five years must be viewed against the backdrop of double-digit growth throughout the 1980s. Also, while the consumer price index is a convenient measure for many goods and services, it is not a meaningful or valid measure of cost increases in higher education. The true test of the quality of an institution like Brown is not its ability to be the cheapest, but its ability to offer its students the very best education possible.

Mystery cover

In recent months I find myself looking forward to the *B.A.M.* more than formerly. You must have done something good.

But tell me, please, other than the rear view of a contemplative student, what is it that's portrayed on the cover of the February issue?

Matthews Fletcher '35

Pewee Valley, Ky.

The object in the background is a sculpture mounted on the lobby wall in Brown's Barns-Holley Building. — Editor

Ministries

While Jonathan Edwards surely needs no defense, I appreciated your response to the ill-tempered attack by John Harry Hill '49 (Mail, February). It put Edwards's ministry back in proper perspective.

I also remember the Rev. Arthur Washburn (see letter from John H. Evans '40, February). From our one meeting I recall him as a kind, gentle, and loving man. Rev. Washburn better fulfilled the responsibilities of the chaplaincy than the multipronged program of the current Protestant chaplains. He portrayed for his students a reflection of his loving Lord.

George de Wolf '45

Loudon, Tenn.

Calling all Muscovites

It is exciting to read the *B.A.M.* and learn what great deeds our alumni accomplish around the world. I hope I might enlist their assistance in rebuilding the Brown Club in Moscow, Russia. I propose to build a network to accomplish three tasks: 1) identify and assist Russian students to attend the University; 2) assist Brown students to find summer or full-time employment in Russia; and 3) assist Brown in its fund-raising activities.

I appeal to alumni in Moscow or elsewhere to share their experience in building a Brown Club and alert others to the effort. I may be contacted at Pouch 53, GE International Inc. Distribution, P.O. Box 6027, Schenectady, N.Y. 12301; or via e-mail.

John H. Mohr '92

Moscow

jumohr@glas.apc.org

Co-op closings deplored

I was saddened to learn of the University's decision to terminate its leases on two cooperative houses run by the Brown Association for Cooperative Housing (BACH). The University should be working to *expand* opportunities for cooperative living, not eliminate them.

While Vice President of Administration Walter Holmes is undoubtedly correct in saying the University has the clear right to discontinue the leases, I question the wisdom of doing so.

Ken Field '74

Cambridge, Mass.

kfield@saturn.net

During the academic year and two summers I lived in Carberry. I grew and learned more than during any similar length of time in my life. The reason for this growth was the collective living situation. Such cooperation and growth cannot be fostered in the dorms. In Carberry we thrashed out differences of opinion with regards to house maintenance, varying diets, Mark Spitz posters, missing cans of garbanzo beans, and unwitted guests.

It was at times difficult. But the respect BACH members had for each other, their willingness to struggle together to find solutions, is a gift I took with me for life.

Dec Michel '74

Madison, Wisc.

dmichel@mac.econ.wisc.edu

Living in the co-ops was essential to our experience at Brown. If the University destroys this institution, it will also go a long way to destroy our connection to Brown. We will consider any further contributions in this light. We urge all those who feel similarly to so advise Vice President Walter Holmes and any others in the administration who view Brown's obligation to the co-ops as a matter of legalistic agreement and nothing more.

Mr. Holmes's comments (Mail, February) demonstrate a failure to recognize values such as learned cooperation, social commitment and innovation, and idealism that we had thought were central to, or at least had a place in, Brown's conception of the good life.

Andrew S. Ratzkin '82

Lee Harshavsky '80

New York City

The news that Brown planned to terminate the leases on Carberry and Milhous was like a blow to the stomach. The co-ops are more than just a set of cozy, friendly houses. As a cooperative, BACH is an example of a unique community that lives by the principles of consensus. Each person who leaves the co-ops brings this philosophy to the wider world. We hear routinely from BACH members who have gone on to be community leaders in their new home cities, organizing neighbors to achieve collective goals and bringing adversaries together to solve crises.

Somewhat we have to find a common ground that will satisfy the needs of both Brown and BACH. The answer might be a higher annual rent paid by the co-ops or some additional service its members could perform for the University. BACH is willing to sit down with Brown and find a solution. The University would do itself proud by joining the effort.

Ger Heltzman '94

Albany

I came to Brown as a confused, lonely transfer student. After I joined BACH and moved into Waterman (now Watermyn) House, I learned how to cook, clean, budget for a ravenous family of sixteen, take care of myself and others, and be responsible for my actions. I never would have learned such lessons if I had lived the disconnected dorm life.

I began studying Latin, Greek, and Sanskrit — three dead languages at once. If it hadn't been for the encouragement of my housemates, I would have given up. Now, as an assistant professor of clas-

sies, I see many students drifting, thinking they don't matter, slipping through the cracks – as I once was. I wish the University of Georgia had a co-op housing organization that could save them.

One last note: Brown plans to take over Carberry and Milhous after having insisted that their sprinkler and electrical systems be upgraded. I hope it intends to reimburse BACH for the cost of those upgrades.

Pamela R. Bleisch '83
Athens, Ga.

Domes for the homeless

Thank you for the fine article on my work ("Domes for the Homeless," The Classes, November). For the record, however, I would like to note that you erroneously reported the name of the Dome Village's founder as Todd Hayes. His name is Ted Hayes. Without Ted's leadership and tenacity the work we are doing would never have happened.

I have received a number of inquiries because of your article, and I'd love to continue to hear from alumni interested in homelessness. I can be reached at 36 29th Avenue, Venice, Calif. 90291.

Ronda Flanzbaum '81
Venice, Calif.

Seeking friends of Stein '40

I would like to hear from Brown alumni who knew William F. Stein '40, an economics graduate from Naugatuck, Connecticut, for a book I am writing about Mr. Stein's World War II bomber crew. Mr. Stein and eight other crewmen were killed October 1, 1943, when their B-24 Liberator was shot down over Austria. My uncle, the crew's radio operator, was among those killed.

I can be reached during the day at (800) 431-1101, extension 8701; by mail at 4210 Shady Hill Drive, Dallas, Tex. 75229; or by e-mail at 102734.2776@a-compuserve.com. Thank you for your assistance and suggestions.

Gregg Jones
Dallas



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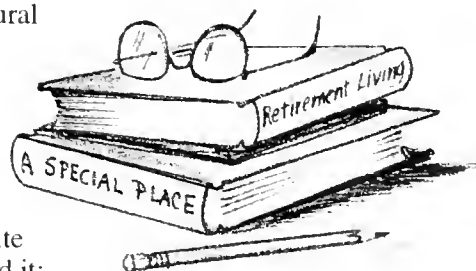
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Grave Matters

*Brown's anthropology museum
unearths the complexities of a new law*

IN 1929 Rudolf Haffenreffer paid \$1,050 for a collection of several hundred Native American artifacts at an auction in Chester County, Pennsylvania. Included was a partially reconstructed clay jar described simply as "clay jar from Alabama." Sixty-five years later the descendants of the jar's maker, the Caddo tribe, are asking Brown's Haffenreffer Museum to give it back.

The Caddo cite the 1990 Native American Graves Protection and Repatriation Act (NAGPRA), a law that, according to Barbara Kirk Hail '52, the Haffenreffer's associate director and curator, "has been a major focus of the museum for the past three years." NAGPRA was designed to address the problem of how Native Americans could reclaim their tribes' human remains from museums across the country; remains sometimes collected by overzealous archeologists and other, less well-intentioned, excavators. By the time the statute was passed, however, it was expanded to include sacred objects, ancestral objects of cultural significance, and items recovered in or near burial sites.

By becoming such a grab bag, NAGPRA, despite its good intentions, has proven difficult to implement. While it tries to clarify each of the claim categories, by stipulating that decisions about individual items should be made through consultation between the tribes and the museums, the legislation has created a thicket of conflicting definitions. "We have no idea how

many sacred objects are in our collection," says Thierry Gentis, associate curator at the Haffenreffer and the museum's NAGPRA administrator. "We have to wait for the Native people to tell us." Gentis estimates that hundreds of items in their collection of 100,000 Native American artifacts are subject to possible claim, almost all of them coming from the excavation of Burr's Hill burial ground in Warren, Rhode Island. "There are spoons, axes, kettles, blanket fragments; about 600 pieces if you count all the beads," Gentis says.

The situation is further complicated by NAGPRA's insistence that tribes can reclaim sacred objects only if "they are necessary for the practice of traditional Native American religion by their present-day adherents." When David Hostler, of California's Hoopa tribe, visited the Haffenreffer in November 1994, for example, he was shown several ceremonial Hoopa headdresses owned by the museum, but did not claim them as sacred objects. "I'm careful to pick what I want back," Hostler says. "We need the things that will benefit our people spiritually, but we also believe that if you don't use it, you lose it."

David Scholes, NAGPRA director for the Caddo tribe,



HAFFENREFFER MUSEUM (2)

The Caddo jar (top) and Hoopa headdresses have been part of the Haffenreffer's collection for years, but now the tribes may have the power to take them home.

on the other hand, sees things differently. "All Caddo objects are very important to us," he says. "A lot of people have seen them, but not the Caddo. We plan to build a museum and educate our people about their past."

The Caddo's claim is the first the Haffenreffer has received since providing inventory summaries to tribes across the country last November. The Caddo, asserting the jar was "likely part of a burial ceremony," asked for its immediate return. In response, the museum staff scoured its records and consulted with archeological experts to evaluate the claim's validity. "It was definitely identified as Caddo," says Gentis, "but while jars like this were used in funerary rites, we could find no positive confirmation that this one came from a grave." If the museum and the tribe are unable to reach an agreement, they will present their arguments to a National Park Service advisory committee for resolution.

Meanwhile, without confirmation, the museum is not required to return the jar. According to Shepard Krech, professor of anthropology and the Haffenreffer's director, "it is the museum's policy to uphold the law – not debate it." But with the interpretation of this young law still being hammered out, for now museums and Natives are treading carefully on new ground. – C.G.

In the Clear

Brown exonerates the psychiatry department

BUTTRESSED BY AN AUDIT from an independent accounting firm, the University has absolved the department of psychiatry and human

SINCE LAST TIME...

Providence maintained its reputation for unpredictable April weather with six inches of snow one week and seventy sunny degrees the next. . . . Dean of the College Kenneth Sacks announced that a new concentration in ethnic studies will go into effect next fall, pending approval from the College Curriculum Council. Associate Professor of Education Fayneese Miller, who also directs Brown's Center for the Study of Race and Ethnicity in America, will coordinate the effort. . . . Spring Weekend, that annual student tribute to hedonism, went off without too many hitches, featuring concerts by funkmaster George Clinton and Grammy-winning rapper Coolio. . . . Elana Chomiszak '97, a dancer and a high-jumper on the women's track team, won the 1996 Miss Rhode Island pageant; in September she'll travel to Atlantic City to compete for the Miss America title. . . . Approximately 650 high school seniors accepted for Brown's class of 2000 flocked, anxious parents in tow, to "A Day On College Hill." . . . Creative writing graduate student Gina Gianfriddo became the first recipient of the Lucille Lortel Playwriting Fellowship, established last year with a gift from Brown parent Anna Strasberg, widow of Actors Studio founder Lee Strasberg. . . . For the umpteenth time, Vartan Gregorian denied rumors he was leaving Brown to head another institution – in this case, the Annenberg Foundation. Describing himself as "bemused," Gregorian commented, "I am a long-time friend of Ambassador Annenberg and have been serving him as a *pro bono* adviser. I will continue to do so."

behavior of alleged research billing improprieties reported earlier this year by the *Boston Globe*.

In January the *Globe* alleged that the department, led by Dr. Martin Keller, failed to conduct research for which the Massachusetts Department of Mental Health (DMH) paid \$218,000 between 1992 and 1994. The research was to take place at the Corrigan Mental Health

Center in Fall River, Massachusetts. Hours after the story broke the University launched an investigation into the DMH contract and the psychiatry department's billing practices. It also hired the accounting firm of Coopers & Lybrand to conduct a separate investigation.

Coopers & Lybrand found that the psychiatry department "delivered more than full value" on the contract,

according to a University news release. "Brown actually underbilled for its services," Provost James Pomerantz said in the release, rather than, as the *Globe* suggested, "bilked" the DMH. The audit did fault a department invoice that incorrectly listed the researchers who worked under the contract, but it attributed the mistake to "an inexperienced staff worker at Brown" and "poor contract administration" at both Brown and Corrigan. According to the Coopers & Lybrand report, "no personal gain or improper diversion of funds occurred" within the contract.

The *Brown Daily Herald* also proclaimed support for Keller. Had the *Globe* thoroughly investigated the contract, an April editorial said, it would have found "national praise for Brown's role at Corrigan and several published papers authored by Brown's Corrigan-based researchers."

Massachusetts officials, however, are continuing their inquiry into the Brown-Corrigan contract. "We felt, based on our findings, that there was a need for further review of the entire case," says David Ball, director of communications for Gerald Whitburn, Massachusetts secretary of health and human services. According to Ball, the case has been turned over to the Massachusetts attorney general's office. However, "I have been advised of no active investigation," said University Counsel Beverly Ledbetter in late April.

Calling the *Globe's* coverage "irresponsible," Keller said the psychiatry department's collaboration with Corrigan had been "one of the most satisfying . . . [because] we've established a full-blown, internationally-recognized research program in five years, which is extraordinary." – J.S.

Doctor Detective

Using medicine to serve human rights

HOWARD HU'S introduction to medicine's tricky politics came nine years ago, when he traveled to South Korea to study the epidemiological effects of a summer when thousands

"In this country people who study human rights are considered extremists." He then took us out for the best lunch we had in Seoul."

Since 1987 Hu, an associate professor of occupational medicine at the Harvard School of Public Health, has traveled the world, in his words, to "marry the hard sciences with broader health and social issues." His work, usually done on behalf of Physicians for Human Rights, uses epidemiology to document human rights abuses. By applying careful scientific techniques to such cases, Hu and his colleagues aim to counter the highly political approach often taken in human-rights disputes.

For example, Hu traveled to Turkey several years ago to investigate claims by civilian Kurds living on the Turkey-Iraq border that mustard gas had been used against them. "Iraq and Turkey both said no to the United Nations team that wanted to check these claims," Hu explains. "And the Kurds couldn't ask the U.N. to come in themselves because they don't have a country." (Only nation-states have official U.N. status.) "So I and two others traveled to Turkey on tourist visas and drove to the camps." Once there, Hu and his colleagues examined refugees and designed a questionnaire for randomly selected people to answer. "We found that it didn't matter who we picked for our interviews. They all seemed to see the same attacks and observe the same symptoms."

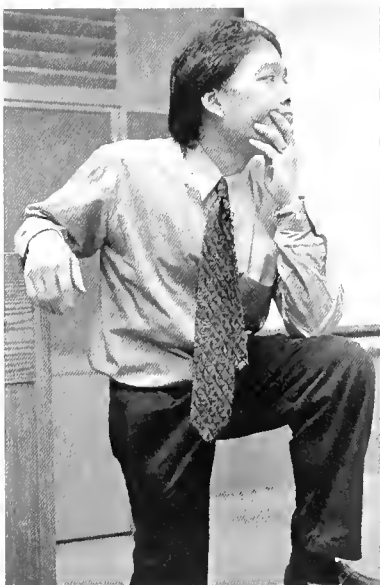
By approaching the Kurds with epidemiological rigor, Hu hoped to avoid repeating the "yellow rain" incident in Cambodia. In 1982, the U.S. State Department issued a report confirming claims by Laotian refugees that chemi-

cal weapons were being used against them. But the report was based on faulty data. Scientists later learned that the "yellow rain" the refugees saw coating vegetation was in fact bee feces.

Hu traces his interest in human rights to his undergraduate days as a biology concentrator and particularly to a course in biomedical ethics co-taught by Robert Davis. But Hu was, by his own description, "a late bloomer." An attempt at becoming a fiction writer was a "miserable failure," he says, so he entered the Albert Einstein School of

Medicine in New York City. "What drew me there," Hu says, "was that they had a department of social medicine, and that's what I was interested in doing." A doctorate in epidemiology from Harvard Medical School followed, but it wasn't until his trip to Korea that he found his true calling.

With an eighteen-month-old son and a wife in her first year of law school, Hu hopes to put his human-rights travel behind him, at least temporarily. "I'm now happy just giving advice," he says. — N.B.



A failed fiction writer, Hu now conducts medical investigations around the world.

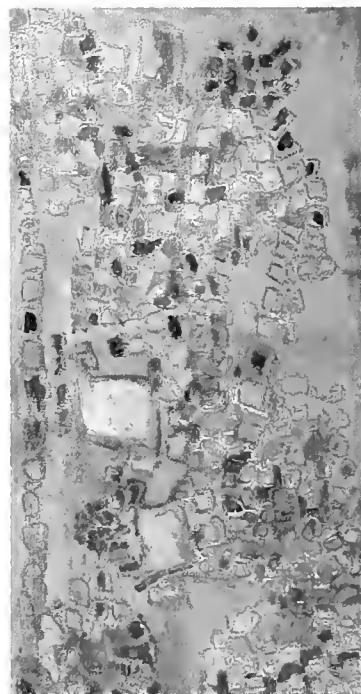
of tear-gas canisters were fired on demonstrators. With other members of his delegation, Hu '76 asked the dean of Seoul's Yonsei medical school for permission to examine patients in the school's hospital.

"He said three things," Hu recalled following an April lecture at Brown's medical school. "The first was 'Oh, you're mistaken. There are no patients at this hospital who are suffering any effects from tear gas,' even though we knew there were dozens; the second was 'I don't know why you're studying tear gas anyway. Everyone knows it's harmless'; and the third was

STUDENTS AS ARTISTS

Oil paintings and sculpture are to be expected in almost any juried art show, but organizers of this year's student exhibition aimed for variety. Held for three weeks in March and April in the University's David Winton Bell Gallery, the exhibit included video installations, films, even a display of glass bottles containing an artist's sponge-bath and tooth-brush water.

Contrasting with "Blah Blah," an abstract oil painting by Ann Tarantino '97 (above), was the expressionism of Chitra Ganesh '96 (facing page), whose untitled work won a Roberta Joslin Award for Excellence in Art. In her art, Ganesh says, she intends to "reexamine" images of India in the media and the art world: "What's already



Release

*David Rohde comes home
— with a Pulitzer*

IT'S BEEN AN EXPLOSIVE year for me," says David Rohde '90. As a reporter for the *Christian Science Monitor*, Rohde received headlines twice in 1995, first after discovering one of the mass graves left by Serbs in Srebrenica and second when Serbs captured him at gunpoint and jailed him for ten days.

In March Rohde was awarded the George Polk Award for foreign reporting,



David Rohde '90

and in April he received the Pulitzer Prize. In September he will leave the *Monitor* for

a job at the *New York Times*, after completing a manuscript for a book on the former Yugoslavia. Of his capture, Rohde says the Serbs were far more interested in finding out if he was a CIA agent than they were in his having found a mass grave. "They let me go after they developed the film I was carrying and found it was just pictures of mass graves and not potential bombing sites," he says. "I may have underestimated the danger I was in, but people over here overestimated it. I never felt my life was in danger." — N.B.



out there echoes ideas Westerners have about people who are different from them." That makes it too easy on the eyes and the mind, she contends. Inspired by both contemporary Indian magazines and old anthropological photographs of Indian tribes, Ganesh deliberately painted the faces and bodies in her work to look unnatural and contorted. "The fact that they're not very palatable means people have to actively participate in interpreting the painting."

Renaissance Man

*Brown's busiest freshman
voice*

BROWN WAS NOT Jesse Antin's first choice. When Antin '99 was eight years old, he began singing back home at Princeton's Trinity Church, known in voice circles for the quality of its choir. In high school he became an organist and, once his voice changed, joined the Princeton Singers, a group that has been invited to sing at St. Paul's Cathedral in London and at King's College, Cambridge, this summer. "I was worried," Antin says, "that I wouldn't find the kind of musical opportunities at Brown that I had in Princeton."

Antin realized he was mistaken last summer, when Visiting Instructor in Music Fred Jodry contacted him after listening to the tape Antin had sent up with his admissions materials. "He said he was music director at Trinity Church in Newport," Antin recalls, "and could I come down and help him."

Today Antin is one of the busiest musicians on campus. By the end of his first semester, in addition to helping Jodry in Newport, he was a soloist in the Brown Chorus's performance of the Fauré *Requiem*. He now also sings at three Providence churches, continues as a bass in the chorus, regularly performs with three other students this semester as part of a Group Independent Study Project on Renaissance music, is the University's backup organist — and, oh yes, he takes five courses.

The demand for Antin's musical services derives from his skill at sight reading (which is more difficult, he says, for vocalists than for instrumentalists) and from the unusual range of his voice —



When Antin isn't singing, he's shooting hoops or contemplating a law career.

from bass to countertenor, a high male alto. "I had a funny voice change," he says. "I'd been singing boy soprano since I was eight, but when I was in seventh or eighth grade I also began to sing bass in school. In my freshman year of high school the highest soprano notes weren't there anymore, and my boy soprano sound got lower. So I began cultivating a classic round, dark, English countertenor sound."

Antin's music schedule

leaves little time for basketball and backpacking, two other passions he would like to maintain. "There are so many different facets to my life that I can't excel in them equally," he laments. "I'm always asking myself, 'Do I practice now, or do I study astronomy now?'" Although becoming a music concentrator "would be the easiest thing to do," he is leaning toward political science as a first step toward becoming a lawyer. "As much as I love music," he says, "I will always have it as something I love and not as something I have to do." For Antin, the great mistake would be to make something as joyous as singing into just another job. — N.B.

Freedom to Read

A writer held hostage, still

LIKE ALADDIN'S GENIE, Salman Rushdie lives a confined and secretive life until he leaves his hiding place. In March the Indian-born Rushdie, who has been living under a death threat since the 1987 publication of his novel *The Satanic Verses*, emerged in Providence — via satellite from London — to join a panel of dissident and exiled writers in Brown's first Freedom to Write conference.



A voice from above:
Salman Rushdie via satellite.

Ethereal and twenty feet tall, Rushdie discussed his battle with the death sentence, or *fatwa*, imposed by the late Ayatollah Khomeini and his relief at "being a writer once again."

"Shortly after the fatwa was announced a friend told me he felt as if I'd vanished into the front page," Rushdie said. "I've been trying to make my way back to the books page ever since." — C.G.

PICK O' THE WEB



Back



Forward



Home



Reload



Images



Open



Print



Find



Stop



BY CHAD GALTS

The Computer Graphics Group

<http://www.cs.brown.edu/research/graphics/home.html>

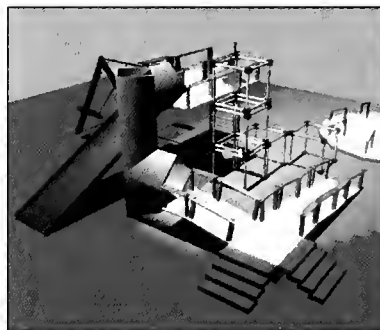
Links to affiliated graphics-research projects around the country.



A roundup of research projects that are visually inviting but occasionally mind-boggling with technical detail.

A series of interactive Java illustrations that explain how light is processed by the human eye.

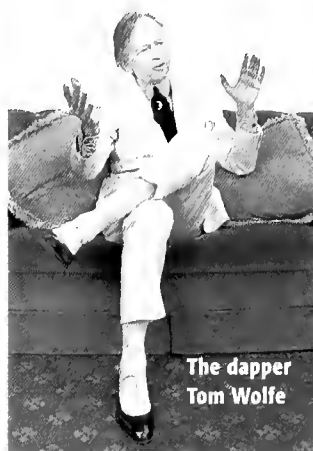
An art gallery of such items as a "deconstructivist house," a battery powered drill (pictured), a children's playground (pictured), and a space-ship version of a helicopter.



As visually striking as these pages are, I was relieved to find the link to CS 123, Brown's introductory course in computer graphics. There is a good deal of members-only computer science

here; but the Java illustrations, which let you manipulate objects on your screen, are enticing enough to teach even hardcore technophobes a thing or two. One drawback: the pages will cost average dial-up modem-users a lot of time on the phone as they wait for the pictures to show up.

Connect: Host www.cs.brown.edu contacted. Waiting for reply...



The dapper
Tom Wolfe

The Player

Explaining the zeitgeist of the '90s

NOT EVERYONE LIKES to be the center of attention, but in April Tom Wolfe was glad to fill the Salomon Center spotlight with his

trademark white suit and spats. The author of *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* and *Bonfire of the Vanities* has spent his career writing books that strike a nerve with entire generations, yet he insists the idea of a "zeitgeist" was taken more seriously a century ago. "Great writers," he said, "took it up as their natural task to explain the spirit of the age they were in." Drawing on everyone from Friedrich Nietzsche to William Bennett, Wolfe outlined his latest vision of America: "There is guilt everywhere but no way to absolve it." During the 1980s, he said, when Americans learned to live with debt, "leverage was the spirit of the age." Today, "if you're not in one chapter or another of the bankruptcy code," he added, "you just weren't a player." — C.G.

BY PETER MANDEI



No beer bellies: in this game, weekend warriors are out of their league.

surprised that more than half have strong arms by any standard. And their throwing motion is smooth — not herky-jerky as I'd expected. Next the women begin a series of clockwork drills.

The bunting/slap-hit-

ting drill is very different than anything I remember from high school. Head Coach Deb Carreiro has told me that players work on a mixed bag of bunts: a "push bunt," a "drag bunt," and a "run and slap," which looks like a drag bunt embellished with a half-swing.

As I note the fluidity of the drills, Assistant Coach Ann Gibbons tells me that this is an unusually young team. There are no seniors, although eleven of fourteen players are back from last year's fourth-place squad. This makes the coordination among these relatively inexperienced players even more remarkable. Especially impressive is shortstop Whitney Taylor '98, who looks a little like Maury Wills as she bunts and slaps with equal coordination from both sides of the plate. "Do they switch hit in this league?" I scribble in my notebook, beginning to feel a chill within my armor of male superiority.

It's time to get my first look at live pitching. Because Katie King '97, the team's ace, is busy playing on the ice hockey team, I watch freshman Kristen Marshall wind up. *Thump!* There seems to be almost no distance between the pitching rubber and home plate, although in fact they are forty-three feet apart. Marshall's pitches zip in at the speed of passing traffic. Her pitching hand traces a question mark in the air, stopping almost dead at its bottom release point. The glove hand, meanwhile, flares menacingly at the batter

while Marshall's pony tail dances and flicks. To get an umpire's view, I crouch behind the catcher, flinching each time a pitch crosses the plate. Then I try throwing, but the release point eludes me, and my pitches sail much too high — a parody of the "rise" Kristen throws — or they bounce in front of the plate — a sad version of her "drop" pitch.

Next comes batting practice, which indoors means facing a pitching machine. I watch Shana Advani '97, the team's catcher and primary power hitter, spray line drives into the nets. A quick bat, it seems, is just as necessary in fast-pitch softball as it is in hardball, and Advani's form is perfect: knees slightly bent, weight back, hands held high, not a trace of a hitch.

My turn. Suddenly I feel an urge to cover the fencing team. None of the batting helmets fit me, and the heaviest bat I can find is twenty-six ounces, or about four ounces lighter than the lightest bat I can remember using. My first four swings strike air, nothing but air. Women stifle snickers behind me. Then, at last, a pop fly, a fly ball, a flail to right, and, finally, one solid deep shot. This, however, is soon followed by three cheap grounders, a whiff (why can't I time the ball at this distance?), another whiff (why can't I *see* the ball?), and an excuse-me grounder.

This isn't softball, I think as I slip the twenty-six-ounce bat back into the bag, thank the coach, and shake some hands. Where are the sluggable lobs? The dog sleeping on second base? Where are the beer bellies? (Where, for that matter, is the *beer*?) I stalk out into the night grumbling to myself and kick at a little mound of slushy snow. "Twenty-six-ounce bats!" I exclaim under my breath, feeling like a twelve-year-old back at camp. "I'll bet even Mantle couldn't have hit with one of those." ☞

Spring Results

(April 24)

Baseball 12-15

Softball 20-10

Men's Crew 1-2

Women's Crew 4-0

Men's Lacrosse 6-5

Women's Lacrosse 9-3

Men's Outdoor Track 7-2

Women's Outdoor Track 9-1

Men's Tennis 11-5

Women's Tennis 10-8

Paper Bear

A weekend ballplayer is humbled by the women's softball team.

In early March women's softball practice takes place in a Pizzitola Center partitioned with floor-to-ceiling nets. I can hear the men's baseball team playing pepper off to one side while the fencing team parries on the other. Soon women begin showing up in shorts and sweats. They stretch and start throwing to one another, lazily at first, and then crisply, the ball smacking into gloves still a bit stiff from winter.

Softball played by women. I confess I've always scoffed at it. I think of my sister's awkward throwing motion, which never seemed to improve. I remember girls swinging bats at summer camp, the wood looking impossibly heavy as they lunged half-heartedly at the fat, juicy pitches we patronizingly tossed them.

Fact is, I have little right to judge. I was a decent high-school second baseman, but my hardball career went no further. Since then I've played slow-pitch softball in leagues here and there. Yet when the opportunity arose to practice with the women's softball team, I leaped at it. Here was the chance to find out once and for all if Ivy League women can hit, field, and throw on a par with weekend warriors like me.

Now, watching the women throw, I'm

James Harper

An animal welfare advocate strikes a balance between scientific research and compassion

TITLE: Director of Animal Care
EDUCATION: B.S., Penn State; V.M.D., University of Pennsylvania
SPECIALTY: Primates and neuro-anesthesia

What animals are used in research on campus?

At any one time we have hundreds of rodents, a dozen cats, three or four dozen rabbits, fifty or sixty monkeys, a couple dozen sheep, a half dozen pigs, a couple hundred frogs, four alligators, twenty or thirty fish, a couple dozen birds. It changes from year to year. Most of the animals we use are specifically bred for research; there are very few that come from the wild.

What does your job entail?

It's my responsibility to be the animals' ombudsman, to make sure everything that's done meets or exceeds federal standards. I review all animal-research proposals with the animal care committee, which is composed of faculty scientists and laypeople – including a Catholic priest from Providence College who has a Ph.D. in entomology and a board member from one of the local animal shelters. I have keys to every lab on campus where animals are used, and I regularly make announced and unannounced visits. I have the right to shut down a lab if I feel the investigator is doing things inappropriately.

Three-quarters of what I do is research support. But if any neuroscience or biomedical-engineering graduate students are going to have animals as part of their Ph.D., we – surgeons and myself – have an obligation to give them a better



understanding of surgical biology and animal health.

What's one of your biggest concerns when reviewing an animal research proposal?

How to safely sedate an animal so it feels no pain, will remain still for a particular procedure, and wake up quickly and safely. Sophisticated monitoring equipment allows us to do more complex procedures more safely so we can use fewer animals to obtain significant results. These devices were originally designed for humans and we've adapted them for animal use.

What are some of the research projects currently going on?

One of the anatomy professors is studying flight in different species of birds, working with hawks, pigeons, starlings, even parakeets in our wind tunnel. A pathology professor is looking at the development of the lung disease asbestosis in mice. And someone in physiology is studying oxygen metabolism and breathing patterns in

diving animals such as turtles and alligators.

What human applications come out of animal research performed here?

Laparoscopic surgery is now a standard. If you ever have your gall bladder removed, they'll make three tiny incisions, put a TV camera in your belly to look around, insert some probes. You'll get out of the hospital faster and have less post-operative pain and less risk of infection. We were doing laparoscopic surgery on pigs before it was attempted on humans.

There's currently a plastic surgeon using fetal sheep surgery to examine whether it might be better for infants to have cleft palates repaired before they're born. Now they're repaired after the baby's born, which always leaves a scar.

Does all animal research have human applications?

No, everything can't have a clinical basis. Some of the basic science questions are asked simply because they're there. You have to have a basic science foundation before going on to an applied project.

How has the animal rights movement affected research?

There's a cost and a benefit to the animal rights movement. They identified, in the early 1980s, some institutions that were not conducting research well, and they have helped establish laws that allow animal-care committees like Brown's to oversee projects. But the burning and trashing of buildings, the threatening of individuals, the slashing of tires – I don't define that as very useful.

There's a difference between the animal rights movement, which doesn't believe any animals should be used in research, and the animal welfare movement, which says there may be a place for animals in research, but let's use the fewest animals possible in the safest way possible. I feel I'm a part of that movement. ☺

Interview by Jennifer Sutton



Virtually Yours

With computers at the heart of social as well as academic life on campus, some students wonder whether we're going too far.

I've found a housemate and asked someone out on a date. I've researched AIDS for a class paper and written my ten-year-old sister. Thanks to a trusty Macintosh, I've done all this in the past few months without leaving my chair.

The online world and computers in general have come to dominate my life. Among students, I am far from alone. Some of my classmates embrace the use of technology and fantasize about its endless potential. Others cast themselves as neo-Luddites, arguing the importance of face-to-face communication, walks in nature, and independence from machines. So is technology the best thing that ever happened to humanity, or is it going to be our downfall?

It used to be embarrassing to admit a love for computers. They were the toys of nerds. These days, though, they're a trendy fashion accessory. People pound away on their laptops as they sip cappuc-

chino in hip coffee shops on Thayer Street. Before arriving at Brown, I thought the Center for Information Technology was a place into which only computer-science techies dared venture. Now the CIT is my favorite hangout. During cold weather, it replaces the Main Green as the primary place for students to congregate: temperature-controlled, sleek, and efficient, it stands in sharp contrast to the vibrant, grassy Green, where we read books and talk with friends. On the Green we toss Frisbees back and forth. At the CIT we type commands into our machines.

Thanks to computers, the world of electronic mail has replaced the post office as *the* way to stay in touch. People on campus no longer even ask if you have e-mail; they just want to know your address. Students who have yet to hop on the e-mail bandwagon hang their heads in shame. "Oh yeah, I really should get that," they say, faces turning red.

Computers play a role in practically

every class, from writing papers to graphing data for science experiments. But even extracurricular life has gone digital, with some student organizations pulling all-nighters to put homepages on the World Wide Web. More than a year ago four of us at *The Brown Daily Herald* worked through the night until eleven the next morning to launch "Herald-sphere," the paper's web site. Unlike their printed versions in the *Herald*, our stories could now be read around the world in an instant.

But there's a hitch to this technology. The computerized world is vast and exciting, but it can be frustrating as well. Hours of work can go down the digital toilet with a single jolt to a hard drive, reminding us that typewriters, though slow, are dependable. And like drugs and alcohol, e-mail can become an addiction. Some students suffer e-mail withdrawal while away on break. I've seen people almost drop out of Brown after getting sucked into the online world. These addicts, whom my friends and I jokingly call *Those Who Spend Too Much Time Online*, leave little time for anything as mundane as classwork.

To sort through the pros and cons of our computerized world, a few of us this semester designed a Group Independent Study Project called "Resisting The Virtual Life: The Possibilities and Drawbacks Of Technology In the Global Village." We're analyzing the impact of technology on the environment, the workplace, education, and privacy. We're finding that technology both creates a worldwide community and isolates us behind computer screens. As much as I love the CIT, most of us whiling away the hours in front of glowing monitors could probably benefit from a Frisbee toss on the Green.

How will computers affect the life of my sister, Gwynn, when she's in college? As a fourth grader, she already uses e-mail and drops terms like "World Wide Web" with ease. Will I, by that time, be recovering from carpal tunnel syndrome? Will she and her friends have computers hardwired to their brains? Maybe the Luddites have the right idea after all. ☺

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Happily Ever What?

John's Wife, by Robert Coover (Simon & Schuster, New York, N.Y. 1996) \$24

While *John's Wife* will reaffirm a misanthrope's low opinion of human nature, it will give a rough Windexing to anyone else's rose-colored glasses. From gang rape to incest to a shotgun castration, Professor of English Robert Coover's new novel rips off the serene façade of a small "middle American" town to plumb the depths of its inhabitants' depravity. As you're drawn deeper into their web of cartoonish villainy, Coover declines to offer a helping hand — you're on your own.

It's a safe bet that any novel using the phrase "happily ever after" in its first paragraph, as *John's Wife* does, won't offer up a straightforward, simple plot. The book travels inward through the minds of some fifty Gothic characters, rather than for-

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Robert Coover joined Brown's creative writing department as an adjunct lecturer in 1980 and was named the T. B. Stowell University Professor in 1990. *John's Wife*, he says, "started with a simple metaphor that I wanted to open up — completely." What happens, Coover asks, when the center of a small town's attention disappears? Coover's first novel, *The Origin of the Brunists*, won him the William Faulkner Award for best first novel in 1966. Since then the accolades and awards have continued to roll in: Rockefeller and Guggenheim Foundation grants, three Obie Awards, and a nomination for a National Book Award, among others.

JOHN'S WIFE

Once, there was a man named John. John had money, family, power, good health, high regard, many friends. Though he worked hard for these things, he actually found it difficult not to succeed; though not easily satisfied, he was often satisfied, a man whose considerable resources matched his considerable desires. A fortunate man, John. He was a builder by trade; where he walked, the earth changed, because he wished it so, and, like as not, his wishes all came true. Closed doors opened to him and obstacles fell. His enthusiasms were legendary. He ate and drank heartily but not to excess, played a tough but jocular game of golf, roamed the world on extended business trips, collected guns and cars and exotic fishing tackle, had the pleasure of many women, flew airplanes, contemplated running for Congress just for the sport of it. In spite of all that happened to his wife and friends, John lived happily ever after, as though this were somehow his destiny and his due.

A NOVEL

ROBERT COOVER

ward through time. The opening passages are a nearly indecipherable blur of people — fair warning of the burden you will bear as reader and of how little Coover intends to guide you through some challenging narrative terrain.

In *John's Wife* we meet Floyd, a murderer-turned-hardware store clerk who teaches Sunday school; Gordon, the town photographer who strips and poses a catatonic old woman dying of cancer; Nevada, a woman who throws a sixteen-year-old girl in the path of a pedophile to further her own career; and Dutch, a motel owner who monitors the sexual activities of his guests through a one-way mirror. The musings of one character lead into those of another, driving the book in tight circles around two main events — a stag party and a Pioneer's Day picnic. Playing a central role in both is Pauline, who grows up in a trailer park and is repeatedly raped by her father, Daddy Duwayne. At fifteen, she is gang-raped at the stag party. Still, the hard-headed, clear-eyed Pauline does not perceive herself as a victim. When she is old enough to understand that men see her body as "an animated pop-up picture book," she

has pornographic photographs taken of herself, hoping to sell them to an adult magazine in order to escape the trailer park.

The title character, whose name we never learn, stands in stark contrast to the fleshly, carnal Pauline. More spirit than body, John's wife suffers from "a thereness that was not there." We never hear her thoughts, yet she is a constant source of reflection for the people around her. Every man in town desires her, each in his own way: Floyd "covets" her; Gordon tries to photograph her every move and gesture; and Otis, the sentimental town sheriff, longs "for the touch of John's wife's hand on the back of his neck." The women of the town are not so neatly aligned. For John's wife

they variously feel envy, pity, love, sentimental rage, and erotic disgust; the range of their opinions is wide, confusing, and ultimately meaningless.

The contrast between John's wife and Pauline explodes late in the book. During the picnic Pauline's body grows to mythically grotesque proportions as she rides in the back of a panel truck, eating food stolen from every house and business in town. At the same time Pauline's body inflates, John's wife's begins, literally, to disappear. Lemmy, the town preacher, lures her into a bedroom during the picnic; there she removes each article of clothing, slowly fading from his sight, until "she lifted her dress up over her head and she was gone." The book's conclusion — gargantuan Pauline lurching into the distance, never to be heard from again; John and his wife sharing a domestic, calm-as-a-cotton-nightie moment in bed — leaves us almost precisely where we began: "happily ever after." But are we?

Perhaps this book's finest accomplishment, aside from the brilliance and lucidity of Coover's prose, is its insistence on forcing the reader to confront moral questions normally kept under lock and

key. The author neither condemns nor praises his characters' betrayals, violence, and sexual perversion. This is reading not as recreation but as work; you struggle to make sense out of where you are, how you got there, and how you might get out. Coover's version of "happily ever after" doesn't make you feel smug, satisfied, or reassured. It makes you want to take a shower.

Briefly Noted

The Complete American Fantasies, **James Schevill** (Ohio University Press, Athens, Ohio, 1996), paperback, \$17.95.

A professor emeritus of English at Brown, Schevill's latest collection of poetry, published in honor of his 75th birthday, is a personal and articulate look at the last seventy years. We follow the author from a 1920s "corn palace" in Mitchell, South Dakota; to *Catch-22*-esque military service in World War II; to a rundown apartment in 1970s San Francisco; and finally to Brown, where he teaches a multi-disciplinary course titled "Theory of American Grotesque." Candid, eloquent, and insightful, this book is American history

seen through the eyes of a gifted poet.

First Comes Love, by **Marion Winik** '78 (Pantheon, New York, N.Y., 1996), \$23.

"I always want to talk about everything," Marion Winik writes, "especially bad things, usually over and over until all points of view are understood by everyone." Winik, who tells the story of meeting and falling in love with her gay husband — then watching him die of AIDS — overestimates her readers' interest in "bad things." The tragedy in this book is palpable, but often is lost in Winik's fascination with her past drug abuse and feelings of self-loathing.

The Art of Democracy: A Concise History of Popular Culture in the United States, by **Jim Cullen** '92 Ph.D. (Monthly Review Press, New York, N.Y., 1996), paperback, \$18.

Cullen's book is a solid introduction to popular culture and its place in American scholarship. Balancing academic jargon with the low-brow appeal of much of his subject matter — which includes everything from nineteenth-century blackface minstrel shows to MTV — Cullen teaches while he entertains. ☞

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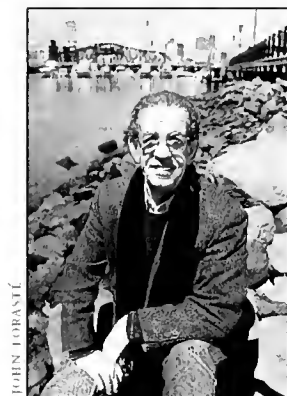


Fifty years ago Providence Harbor was a social center as well as a workplace for the men of Fox Point, such as these sail-menders (above) and Al Pereira (facing page).

The People Next Door

Walk a few blocks south of College Hill and enter Fox Point — once a close-knit ethnic neighborhood, now a bustling mix of old world and new. Not everyone is happy with the change.

BY JENNIFER SUTTON



JOHN TORASTÉ

It is a crisp autumn day in the early 1950s, and the schooner *Madalan* has just sailed into Providence Harbor from the Cape Verde Islands off the coast of Senegal. As news of the ship's arrival spreads through Fox Point, the neighborhood bordering the harbor, people drift down to the Point Street Bridge carrying food, clothing, musical

instruments — whatever they can spare for the Cape Verdean sailors and passengers weary after weeks at sea. Men in felt hats crowd the docks for a better view of the ship; women cluster in twos and threes, chatting excitedly. The air is thick with the smell of fish and the cry of a vegetable vendor: “*Sciaballos, patatas, manioca!*” Taking in the waterfront hubbub, Alberto Torres Pereira, a young Fox Point native fresh out of the U.S. Army, is happy to be home.

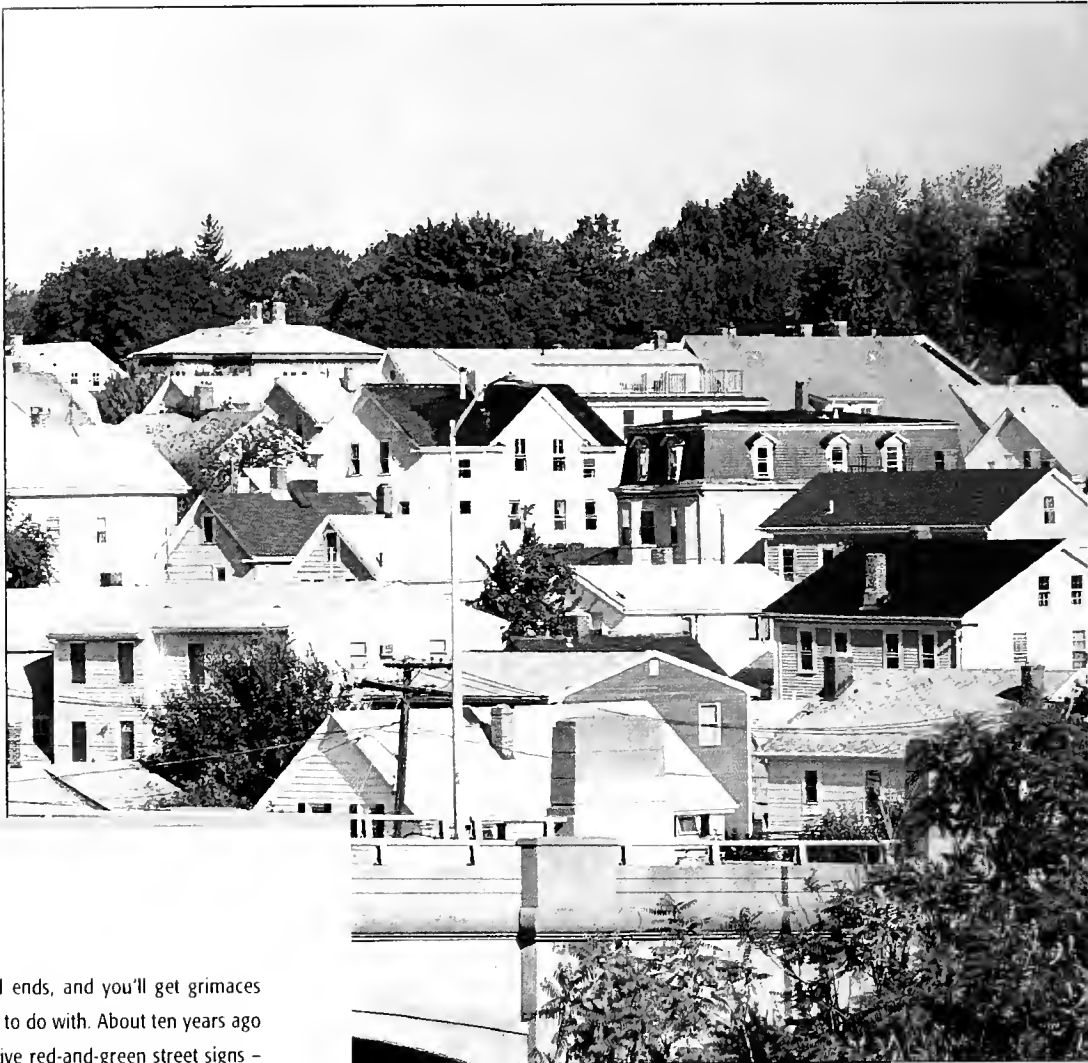
Al Pereira was born in Fox Point sixty-seven years ago, and, except for a year in Boston and a year in the Army, he has stayed. His parents came from the Portuguese-controlled Cape Verde Islands shortly after the turn of the century; his father died young, and his mother worked as a seamstress to raise five children. As a child Pereira spent his pennies at Perry's second-hand store on South Main, the street that for decades was the lifeline of Cape Verdeans in the neighborhood. He hung out at the Boys Club, played pool at Redfern's billiard room on Wickenden Street, and earned extra money keeping an eye on the corpses at Mr. Lopez's funeral home across the street. He knew everyone in the neighborhood, and everyone knew him. That's how it was in Fox Point;

people looked out for one another; the kids respected their elders. If Pereira saw an aunt on the street, he would take her hand, hold it to his forehead, and ask for her blessing.

Such scenes rarely occur today in Fox Point. The old neighborhood, with its feeling that everyone knew everyone else, exists only in memories and stories — and in a stack of black-and-white photographs that Pereira guards like treasure in his apartment on the corner of Hope and Sheldon streets. While all communities eventually lose some of their intimacy as familiar faces move out and new ones move in, many longtime Fox Point residents believe their neighborhood's metamorphosis goes beyond simple growing pains.

Over the past thirty or forty years, working-class neighborhoods in cities across the country have been swept by a tide of urban renewal. During those years Fox Point has been transformed by what Hilary Silver, an associate professor of sociology and urban studies, calls “tremendous forces that enabled gentrification and change to proceed.” They have included a city leadership bent on rebuilding rundown neighborhoods, wealthy preservationists committed to restoring centuries-old homes, real estate speculators eyeing waterfront property, transportation planners building a six-lane highway along the neighborhood's southern border, and universities expanding to the north. Some longtime Fox Pointers have welcomed changes — the influx of restaurants on Wickenden Street, for example, and the intellectual ambience projected by Brown and the Rhode Island School of Design. Yet many are bitter about the neighborhood facelift they got but never asked for. “Our streets changed underneath us,” says Pereira. “It was like a lava flow: slow-motion, but unmistakable.”

With Brown's Sciences Library towering near its northern border and Route 195 blocking access to the harbor in the south, today's Fox Point (right) bears little resemblance to the waterfront neighborhood of the 1940s and '50s (facing page).



Fluid Boundaries

Ask locals where Fox Point begins and ends, and you'll get grimaces and more answers than you know what to do with. About ten years ago the city gave the neighborhood distinctive red-and-green street signs – the colors of the Portuguese flag – but the boundaries they denote are subject to intense debate. It's safe to say that Fox Point is bordered on three sides by water: the Providence River to the west, Narragansett Bay to the south, and the Seekonk River to the east. The northern boundary is anyone's guess; some maps suggest Power and Pitman streets, though several longtime residents point to Williams. International directions, at least in the eyes of one local artist, are simpler – you'll find them on a telephone pole. – *Pamela Petro '82*



Fox Point lies just south of College Hill, yet for years the two communities couldn't have been more separate. While Brown freshmen donned their beanies and headed off to class in the late 1940s, the teenaged Al Pereira postponed his dreams of college to work on a coal barge in Providence Harbor. Few students ventured past Benefit Street to the west or Williams Street to the south into enclaves of working-class Cape Verdeans, Portuguese, and Irish.

Fox Pointers didn't seem to mind. Though their lives were not easy – they worked as longshoremen, unloading ship cargo on the docks, and as housecleaners, cranberry pickers, and textile-factory workers – they shared what they had with one another. Yvonne Marie Smart, now fifty-eight and a librarian at the Providence Public Library's Fox Point branch, lived on the second floor of a three-decker on Brook Street, where her family's telephone served seven other households. The people on the first floor had a car in which they took everyone shopping; the man on the third floor, who worked nights, cooked lunch for all the children in the house when their mothers were at work.



This camaraderie, says Smart, owed much to immigrants' vivid memories of hard times. Nineteenth-century natural disasters such as Ireland's potato famine, droughts in Cape Verde, and crop-destroying winds and disease in the Azores drove residents to seek a better life elsewhere. Cape Verdean and Portuguese men first found work in the late 1800s and early 1900s on whaling vessels that roamed the North Atlantic and docked in New Bedford, Massachusetts. When they grew tired of the dangers of harpooning ninety-foot whales that could smash a boat to splinters, some returned home. Others debarked in New Bedford, spread west into Providence, and found safer jobs on land. They settled alongside the Irish on the Fox Point riverfront because, Smart says, "island people don't like to be too far from water." Even after their wives and children joined them, they waited eagerly for ships such as the *Madalan* to arrive with news from Cape

Verde and the Azores, and used their wages to fill barrels with food and clothing for poorer relatives back home.

In Providence, though, the newcomers were the underclass. Descendents of British immigrants – the Browns, the Tillinghasts, the Powers – controlled local government and commerce. By the turn of the century the elite had moved north of Fox Point to homes on College Hill from which they could survey the city. Down on the busy industrial waterfront, working-class Fox Point residents seemed bound together, despite a hint of divisiveness between the fair-skinned Azorean Portuguese and the darker-skinned Cape Verdeans. Smart, the daughter of a French father and a Cape Verdean mother, as a child was often mistaken for Portuguese because of her light skin. She remembers pointed looks and muttered comments whenever she took walks with her dark-skinned maternal grandfather. Yet many residents' memories of racism came from outside Fox Point. Pereira was amazed when, during World War II, his older brother, a guard at a prisoner-of-war camp in North Carolina, reported that the German P.O.W.s

were served their meals before the guards of color.

The next generation of Fox Point residents remained cohesive. When racial tensions infected Providence schools in the 1970s, Lori Silvia, who is of Portuguese descent, and the kids she'd grown up with felt almost immune. Fox Point was too small to fill anything larger than an elementary school, so teenagers left the neighborhood to attend high school. Yet they stuck together, as if under some unspoken agreement. "We Fox Pointers always sat at the same lunch table," says Silvia, now forty.

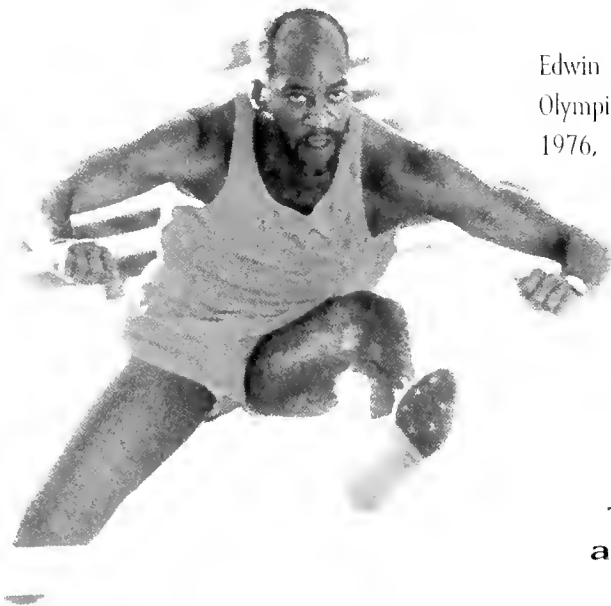
The catalyst for Fox Point kids' loyalty, says Smart, was the local branch of the Boys Club of Providence. The concept was simple: kids gathered there after school to play sports and stay out of trouble while their parents worked. For Charles Simon, now seventy-five, it was a refuge during and after the Great Depression, when his widowed Lebanese mother, too proud to go on welfare, worked ten-hour days. "We didn't have a radio or a television at home, so it filled a void," he recalls. There was a pool

continued on page 26



FOX POINT INDUSTRIAL CORRIDOR BY ALBERTO PEREIRA

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Wickenden Street: Today's South Main



South Main Street once was the undisputed commercial lifeline of the area; today, however, it is Wickenden Street. No scientific survey could describe the current social mix of Fox Point better than the view from the deck of No. 207 – the Coffee Exchange, a café in a century-old house with clapboards the color of Dijon mustard. Out front young guys in John Lennon sunglasses sit drinking cappuccino and radiating cool. A deck on one side looks toward Interstate 195 and into the backyard of a house where a tea towel from Portugal and a purple Barney pillowcase flap on a clothesline above a patch of grass; nearby stands a statue of a tonsured monk holding baby Jesus. – P. P.

at the Boys Club, and vocational classes; later, as Simon and his friends became adults, the club spun off an alumni association that still draws crowds to spaghetti-dinner fundraisers. Though the club moved twenty years ago from its original location on South Main Street to the corner of Wickenden and Ives, and updated its membership to include girls, it has remained the hub of the neighborhood. Younger Fox Pointers, such as thirty-one-year-old Keith Oliveira, speak of the Boys Club with the same reverence as Simon. “The kids were always together, regardless of race or ethnicity,” Oliveira says. “Basketball, soccer, whiffleball, after school, weekends – it was simply what we did.”

Muffled shouts and the *thump* of a basketball on a wood floor echo through the cavernous main room of the Fox Point Neighborhood Center, where the Boys and Girls Club shares a building with the Fox Point senior center, the Fox Point library branch, the Fox Point Health Center, and the Providence Police Department’s Fox Point station. The brown brick exterior looks solid and

takes up almost an entire block on the east side of the neighborhood, but the consolidation of resources inside reflects how, as Yvonne Marie Smart says, “the Fox Point we knew just shrank into itself.”

During the 1950s Providence, like cities across the country, launched a plan to clearcut rundown neighborhoods and ready them for commercial investors. Fox Point was one of the targets. But when wealthy East Side residents saw the results in their own backyard – historic homes being destroyed to make room for the University Heights shopping and residential complex, in what had been a predominantly working-class African-American neighborhood – they used their influence with city officials to save Fox Point from a similar fate. Although concrete office buildings replaced some of the old clapboard houses on South Main Street, many 100- and 200-year-old homes in the area were lovingly rebuilt.

Still, most indigenous Fox Pointers had no money for historical preservation, nor could they afford to buy houses or rent business space that others had restored. As a result, the Cape Verdean presence on South Main Street vanished by the 1960s. Over the next twenty-five years, multi-family houses on Sheldon, Transit, Arnold, and John streets became single-family homes for Brown and RISD faculty and for executives attracted by Fox Point’s proximity to downtown. Once-residential Wickenden Street gradually turned into a thoroughfare of restaurants and shops, many of which catered to the new breed of Fox Point resident.

Meanwhile, as part of a federal highway system marching across the country, the construction of Route 195 around 1960 sliced most of Fox Point off from the waterfront along its southern edge. Designed during the 1950s amid post-war optimism, the highway, says Professor Silver, required the demolition of “quite a few dozen units of housing” in Fox Point. “It also separated a working-class neighborhood from the site of its traditional employment,” she says. The once-vital maritime and light manufacturing industries had already been eclipsed by a burgeoning downtown business district; now, without easy access for would-be longshoremen or factory workers, they all but disappeared.

To the north, Brown’s flourishing academic enterprise began whittling away at what many Fox Point residents considered neighborhood boundaries. In the mid-1960s the University began to consider building a parking garage on the corner of Brook and Williams streets – the site of the former Bond Bread bakery. “We thought that would have been a good place for low-income housing, since we were already losing so many of our people,” says Simon, a former president of the Fox Point Neigh-



Late spring means it's time for Fox Point's Portuguese-Americans to march down Wickenden Street in the Holy Ghost Parade.

borhood Association. The association lobbied Brown administrators with petitions and at public meetings until the University abandoned its parking-garage plan. The confrontation was typical, says Silver, of turf battles in many cities between residents and large nonprofits, such as hospitals and universities. "It happens particularly in older parts of the country," she says, "where industrial, factory-based economies have been replaced by service institutions that want to expand."

For nearly a decade the Bond Bread site stood unused while Brown and Fox Point residents engaged in a series of standoffs over the property. Residents' apprehension was exacerbated by student renters from Brown, RISD, and Johnson and Wales University, who had begun seeping into the neighborhood, drawn by the changes on Wickenden Street and the novelty of living off-campus. Armed with subsidies from their parents and a willingness to crowd multiple roommates into an apartment, they

unwittingly displaced families who could not afford the new, higher rents.

Brown eventually dropped all plans to build on the Bond Bread lot; it later relocated several historic houses there instead. It also instated a policy in the early 1970s that discouraged students from renting in Fox Point. But that hasn't stopped a feeling of transience from permeating almost every block. "I don't know my neighbors; I've got young kids all around me," laments Simon, who has lived in the same house on Traverse Street for more than fifty years. "It used to be that walking three blocks on Wickenden Street would take me over an hour because there were so many people I knew to stop and talk with. Today it takes me ten minutes."

Many of Simon's old friends now live in East Providence, a separate city across the Seekonk River, where they can afford to buy houses and land. Keith Oliveira's parents moved there in the late 1980s, when a revaluation of their Fox Point house jacked



The Houses of Fox Point

The houses in western Fox Point, clustered around Benefit Street, were built large for merchants and sea captains; those on the eastern end, toward Hope Street (the area east of Hope remained farmland until the late nineteenth century), were smaller, often hand-built by shipwrights, carpenters, and dockworkers. Not surprisingly, the larger homes were the first targeted for restoration.

Today the College Hill and Fox Point neighborhoods share the largest concentration of intact colonial and early federal homes in the United States. Stand on Transit Street at Brook and look west: flowering pear trees line sidewalks of patterned brick; the expertly restored clapboard and brick homes have alarm stickers in their windows. Turn and look east toward Hope: the houses are more likely to be sheathed in pastel aluminum siding; treeless sidewalks are of concrete or asphalt; and the most common security devices are "Beware of Dog" signs. Both areas are stable and relatively safe—the rarity of incidents such as a drug-related shooting on Hayes Street several years ago is underscored by the fact that residents still talk about it. —P. P.

up city property taxes. Oliveira, director of community relations for the Big Picture Company, a nonprofit associated with Brown's Annenberg Institute for School Reform, continues to rent an apartment in the neighborhood for sentimental reasons. But with a degree in urban affairs from the University of Rhode Island, he dissects what has happened in Fox Point more dispassionately than other longtime residents. "People become more bitter about change when they don't understand it," he says. Yet he adds that his academic training doesn't make him any less bitter, "just more inclined to talk about it."

Those less inclined to talk are simply tired. Over the years Brown students have worn a path to the Fox Point Neighborhood Center to ask questions for class projects and theses. Charles Simon and Yvonne Marie Smart each have been interviewed several times, yet they still are willing to walk another well-meaning outsider through the story. Others are not. "Some people feel they've given up a lot to Brown without getting anything back," explains Silvia.

Christine Heenan, the University's associate director of government and community relations, is not surprised by this reaction. A longtime Providence resident, Heenan says such tensions are inevitable in neighborhoods that border large institutions. Brown, she argues, *has* "given a lot back, and I think we've demonstrated a willingness to listen to suggestions for other things we can do." Most of the University's



Lori Silvia, director of the Fox Point senior center, was born mere blocks from her current office and didn't move away until she reached her late twenties. "I have a special feeling about this neighborhood," she says.



outreach programs focus on children in the Fox Point Elementary School, including free music lessons, a summer theater company, and ESL training for teachers whose classrooms are increasingly filled with the newest wave of immigrants. Five years ago Athletic Director David Roach began sending varsity teams into the school to tutor students. Recently the

University agreed to forgo more than a year's rent on the building it leases to the Fox Point Daycare Center. Heenan has worked with Brown's plant operations department to develop a community garden, complete with an irrigation system, in space left vacant last summer when the University demolished several old houses on Benevolent Street to build a parking lot.

While Silvia dismisses many of these efforts as "token public relations," Smart says she literally has seen Fox Point kids accelerating when they study with Brown tutors in the public library. "I don't care if it is token," she says. "It matters." But what, asks Heenan, is so superficial about Brown's brand of outreach? "If I see an eight-year-old in the library learning about science from a college student," she says, "I wouldn't call it token. I'd call it meaningful and lasting."

The story of Fox Point raises profound questions about what constitutes a neighborhood. There are physical structures, such as houses, streets, stores, and community centers. Yet those are mere settings for intangible characteristics: family, cultural tradition, ways of life. Preservationists may have saved many historic houses in Fox Point over the years, but, as Silver says, "in preserving the buildings they haven't really preserved the ethnic community."

The loss of Al Pereira's old Fox Point stems from more than gentrification, though. In many urban ethnic neighborhoods the children of immigrants retain their family's social traditions, but *then* children and their children's children, steeped in homogenized American culture, tend to turn away from the old ways. Families no longer keep three generations together in one house: older relatives are frequently dispatched to senior citizens' apartments while younger generations, striving for American-dream status, flee for the suburbs if they can. The streets left behind, if untouched by middle-class urbanites, are susceptible to crime and decay.

Fox Point, however, is still a "pleasant neighborhood," says Oliveira, though not the same close-knit, diverse place he remembers. "The best thing we can do now," he says, "is have our reunions and picnics." And hope that someday urban planners and preservationists will learn they cannot always start with a clean slate. "From an outsider's perspective, Fox Point may have looked like a rundown, undesirable place to live," Oliveira says, "but the families actually living here would have preferred revitalization *without* displacement – nothing that would have disturbed the bonds they'd established over decades."

Despite the weakening of neighborhood bonds, at least once a year Fox Point reclaims its old glory. When Cape Verde won its independence from Portugal on July 5, 1975, Pereira and a few others threw a party in India Point Park, the sliver of Fox Point that still abuts Providence Harbor. They cooked Cape Verdean food and played music; a few hundred people came. Today the annual Cape Verdean Independence Day Festival attracts thousands of old and new Fox Point residents, as well as Cape Verdeans from across the country. It is, in a way, a pilgrimage down to the harbor where Pereira used to watch the ships come in. "This is where our families first arrived in America," says Yvonne Marie Smart. "Psychologically, this is home." ∞

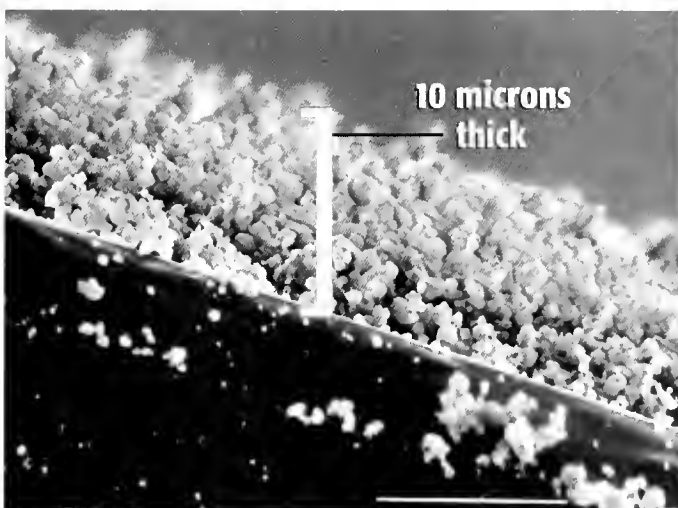


Graduate student Michael O'Brien has found a way to make a ceramic that thinks it's a metal. Can it pass the frozen-butterball test?

BY NORMAN BOUCHER

To understand Michael O'Brien's work you must first appreciate the marvel of a Coke can. Pick one up with your hand. Any of the half-dozen empty cans littering O'Brien's gray metal desk will do. Now squeeze it until the metal buckles and folds.

Imagine next a ceramic coffee cup whose walls are as thin as the skin of the can you've just crumpled. Imagine squeezing it the same way. This time your fingers collapse onto empty air as the brittle cup shatters. In Michael O'Brien's ideal world, though, coffee cups wouldn't shatter. For the last two years O'Brien, a Ph.D. candidate in materials engineering, has been all but living at the Barus-Holley



Hold the mayo: the slim "sandwich" in Michael O'Brien's hands (left) originated not in a deli but in the Prince Engineering Laboratory. Behind O'Brien is a vacuum hot press, which fuses layered wafers of a ceramic called alumina into these crack-resistant bars. The chef's secret: an infinitesimally thin middle layer of sprayed-on alumina, shown at 3,000 times its actual size in the micrograph (left).

Building and the adjacent Prince Lab to make the ideal real. "I'm trying to trick the ceramic," he explains, "trying to convince it that it has some of the properties of metals." In O'Brien's world, a coffee cup would think it's part Coke can.

To achieve this feat he works six, sometimes seven days a week, arriving from his home in Stoughton, Massachusetts, a little after 8 A.M. and leaving at 5:30 to catch the only train home. Sometimes he persuades his wife, Nancy Halnon, a pediatrics student at Boston University Medical School, to come to Brown and sit beside him at the tensile-strength testing machine so they can spend a little time together. Every few months his father, a retired metallurgist, drives down from Winchester, Massachusetts, to watch over his shoulder. "Looking back," O'Brien says, "if I had known how difficult this was, I might have done something else. Working on something as brittle as a coffee cup makes you want to pull your hair out."

Keeping O'Brien's locks firmly rooted, however, is the knowledge that his work is hardly the quixotic quest of an eccentric student. A fracture-resistant ceramic coffee cup would be prohibitively expensive in an age of cheap, insulated plastics, of course; but such a material could one day be the answer to bypassing metal's fatal flaw, a flaw engineers have been trying for decades to overcome: metals melt. Even more important, before they melt all materials "creep," or become deformed, which normally begins to happen at a temperature that's about half their melting point. "If you put a heavy suit on a plastic hanger," O'Brien explains, "over time the hanger will droop down and deform, because the creep temperature of plastic is room temperature and the suit is enough of a load to trigger creep."

For the last fifty years the strategy for combating creep in metals has been to mix alloys in a way that increases their creep temperature. Engineers have been so successful at this that some metals manage to

avoid creep until they are heated very close to their melting temperature — almost 90 percent in the case of some nickels. With metal refinement thus pushed as far as it can go, engineers all over the world have been trying to develop new materials that will combine the "robustness" and "yield strength" of metal with the ability to hold a shape at higher temperatures.

Solving this conundrum could be worth billions of dollars, particularly in the aircraft industry. Nowhere is heat more important than in a jet engine. "The hotter you can get the temperature in the combustion chamber," explains Professor of Engineering Clyde Briant, "the more thrust you get," and the more efficient fuel becomes. The nickel alloys with a creep temperature at 90 percent of melting point were in fact developed for jet engines; but if the temperature in the combustion chamber exceeds about 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit, O'Brien says, under the load of thrusting pressure the turbine blades in the rear or hottest section of the engine "will get creep, become elongated, and at some point will touch the chamber walls. Then the engine falls apart." With the military always seeking faster fighter jets and civilian airlines always looking to cut fuel consumption, manufacturing a hotter jet engine could well make a group of shareholders very very rich. "A man named Bob Fleischer at General Electric wrote a paper a few years ago examining the advantages of different materials that could be used," says Briant, who came to Brown in 1994 after eighteen years at GE. "He concluded that ceramics are the most promising."

his is one of my specimens right here."

O'Brien says, placing a small, hinged plastic case on his desk. A paper label dated November 3, 1995, is glued to the lid. O'Brien opens the box and with a pair of metal tweezers lifts from it a small rod the color of skim milk. It is about two-and-three-

continued on page 47

On the streets of
New York
(counterclockwise
from bottom):
Altman, Kerman,
and bandmates
Scott Leonard, Jeff
Thacher, and Barry
Carl.





Can five singers leave behind the make-believe of "Carmen Sandiego" for the bright lights of pop stardom?

BY JENNIFER SUTTON

In the dressing room of The Bottom Line, a New York City nightclub, five or six brightly colored tins are stacked on a countertop — gifts from fans for Rockapella, the vocal quintet founded by Sean Altman and Elliott Kerman. Inside the tins are several varieties of chocolate chip cookies, as well as raspberry bars; all are homemade. "Other singers get packets of cocaine before their gigs," says Altman. "We get cookies."

If Rockapella isn't a typical downtown club act, their fans don't look like typical downtown clubgoers, either. Instead of biker boots, nose rings, and black leather jackets, the baby-boomers cramming themselves around tables in The Bottom Line wear wool sweaters, pressed jeans, and even a few suits. Some have come with their kids, who know Rockapella as the house band on the PBS program, "Where in the World is Carmen Sandiego?"

The moment Rockapella climbs onstage, however, the sedate-looking crowd begins to scream and whoop and roar their appreciation as loudly as any mosh-pit throng. Rockapella's five singers, dressed mostly in black and looking considerably less chaste than the audience, spend nearly two hours sliding their voices around songs in such a way that if your eyes were closed, you would swear they had a backup band. They don't. They have two tenors (Altman is one), a baritone (Kerman), a bass, and a vocal percussionist — a guy who makes uncannily realistic drum noises.

Altman is the front man, the master of ceremonies who banters cheerfully with the audience. Kerman is the shy one, but he sings with such a blissful smile that you believe him when he says, "Really good harmony is almost like really good sex — it's pure joy." Surely it helps that Rockapella appears on national television almost every day in episodes of "Carmen Sandiego" and recently released its sixth recording in Japan. Yet you can picture the same smile lighting up Kerman's face a decade ago when he and Altman were singing on an upper Manhattan street corner, hoping to earn enough quarters

to buy dinner in a Chinese restaurant.

Although the two went to high school a few blocks apart in New York City, Altman and Kerman didn't meet until they sang together in the High Jinks, one of Brown's male a cappella groups. Both come from musical families: Kerman started out listening to jazz and his mother's classical piano before dabbling in the saxophone, drums, and the clarinet; Altman was indoctrinated by his father's violin-playing and his mother's calypso records. Each chose Brown partly because they'd heard about the High Jinks.

When Altman and Kerman first arrived on College Hill, the High Jinks sang mostly barbershop songs. "The group's humor was iconoclastic," recalls Kerman, "but the music was pretty stiff." Much looser were the arrangements of a High Jinks spinoff group formed during hot, sticky Manhattan summers of the mid-1980s, when Kerman, Altman, and two other Brown friends staked out the corner of 74th and Columbus. Calling themselves the Lunchtime Specials, they alternated soul tunes like the Persuasions' "Chain Gang" with the more traditional "Hello, My Baby" and "Danny Boy." Onlookers began tossing business cards into the hat along with spare change, inviting the group to sing at private parties. Rockapella was born.

Over the next five years the gigs ranged from bar mitzvahs — "We were the kings of Long Island," says Altman — to comedy clubs. Despite positive reviews of their performances, everyone in the group worked other jobs to pay the rent: Kerman as a telephone-company engineer and computer consultant, Altman as lead singer for Blind Dates, a

pop-rock band he'd started at Brown.

Rockapella's membership fluctuated in the late 1980s and early 1990s as non-Brown newcomers replaced High Jinks alumni David Stix '82, Steve Keyes '84, and Charlie Evett '84, who left to pursue careers in art, law, and software design, respectively. Meanwhile, a 1990 appearance on a public television a cappella special orchestrated by filmmaker Spike Lee led to an invitation to compose, sing, and act in PBS's upstart series, "Carmen Sandiego." Rockapella barely hesitated. "We almost never turned anything down," recalls Kerman, "and this was exposure we'd never had." Based on an educational geography computer game, the show brings in school children to compete in tracking down the elusive, continent-hopping Carmen. Rockapella provides nearly all of the program's sound effects and its theme song, which closes each episode after the audience hollers, "Do it, Rockapella!"

"Carmen Sandiego" allowed Kerman and Altman to quit their day jobs, and Rockapella members began writing original songs. Suddenly, says Altman, "we no longer were just interpreters." After five seasons, however, the musicians occasionally question their decision. "If someone had told me it was going to make us stars with a lot of twelve-year-olds," Altman says, "I would have thought about it more seriously." He's had plenty of time to think since January, when PBS producers announced the show will not be renewed next fall.

Is there life after "Carmen Sandiego"? At the close of each shooting season, the group expected to land a U.S. record deal that would introduce them to a western version of their post-pubescent audience in Japan. They're still waiting. "We're just beginning to break through in America," admits Altman. A few other a cappella acts, such as Ladysmith Black Mambazo and Take 6, have crossed over from the novelty niche to mainstream success. If Altman and Kerman have their way, soon the pop world won't have to ask, "Who in the world is Rockapella?" ☞

The Midas touch: Margaret Smith Skovira '60
rubs the nose of John Hay for good luck on her
final exams.



1926

Will I have to walk down the Hill alone again? I'm still trying to figure out how to carry our traditional brown-and-white umbrella or parasol (whichever the weather dictates); our beautiful new 70th Reunion banner; and our antique, faded 1926 banner – originally owned by **Paul Spencer**. Have I got to recruit an army of my old Boy Scouts? Call me at (401) 751-0877. – *Gus Anthony*

1930

Maurice Hendel thanks all classmates who wrote to him. His son Richard designed the highly acclaimed *Encyclopedia of New York City*.

1931

Stephen DeLise, Sarasota, Fla., celebrated his 87th birthday on Feb. 15 with his wife and twin sons, Stephen Jr. and Peter. Stephen writes that he remembers seeing “**Dave Mishel** ’27 miss the field goal against Colgate that could have made the score 13–10, instead of a tie. Those players really deserved to be called ‘Iron Men.’”

1941

Remember our 55th, the last big reunion in the twentieth century! Sign up and attend, May 24–27. You’ll be with classmates and friends having a great time and seeing Brown as it prepares for the twenty-first century.

Hope you appreciate and enjoy the class newsletters which our editor, **John Liebmann**, publishes one or more times each year. Please don’t be bashful; send him news about yourself and other classmates. They are all interested and will be pleased to read about you. – *Earl Harrington Jr.* and *Sophie Blistein*

William Paterson writes that he is “still a star at age 76.” He appeared with Annette Bening, Michael Tucker, Andrea Marcovicci, Jill Eikenberry, and other actors in a front-

page photo accompanying the *San Francisco Examiner* story on the reopening of the Geary Theater.

1943

Jack Hess (see **Eugene Jemal** ’51).

Bob Traill has opened Traill Associates Inc., a new business specializing in executive search and professional recruiting. Last September Bob and his son, Rob, biked in Burgundy, France, while his wife, **Helen Shanley Travaill** ’44, cruised the Caribbean with daughters Linda, Joan, and Beth. **Jack Hess** got Bob hooked on biking in France a few years ago. More travel to the Caribbean and central Europe is planned for this year.

1944

David Solomon writes that he and his wife, Ronnie, “are in that time of life.” They will celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary and David’s fiftieth medical-school reunion this year. “Where did the decades go?” He is still working part-time and struggling to learn golf in the other half. “Golf is three times as hard as working,” he writes.

1948

Constance Hurley Andrews, **Mary Mycek**, **Pat Tierney**, and **Breejny Feely Walsh** held a mini-reunion dinner in Salzburg, Austria, while participating in the Brown-sponsored Austrian Winter Escapade. – *Breejny Feely Walsh*

1949

Phyllis Bogardus Bilhuber of Annapolis, Md., writes that she is in the Mary Chapin Carpenter music video for “Tender As I Want to Be.” She plays the grande dame ballroom teacher. The video, she writes, “has been in the top ten and number one on the charts this year.” Phyllis notes that **Shirley Whipple Hinds** has opened a bed and breakfast in a beautifully restored Victorian home in Oconomowoc, Wis. Shirley welcomes all alumni who might want to stay there. Call (414) 567-7403.

William Flanagan Jr. has retired after seven years of private law practice and thirty years at the world headquarters of ITT Corp. in New York City, where he was an assistant general counsel and director of contract legal services. Previously he was associate general counsel of Walsh Construction Co. in Trumbull, Conn. He is now chairman of the

Darien, Conn., Planning and Zoning Commission, an elected position, and is working hard for the town. He enjoyed the 45th reunion and looks forward to the 50th in ’09.

1950

Class officers and board members met on January 26 to make plans for our 50th reunion in the year 2000. This should be a truly great event.

Our annual off-year mini-reunion cocktail party will be held on Friday, May 24, from 5 to 7 p.m. on the Faculty Club terrace. All classmates, spouses, significant others, and families are welcome. The Brown Bear Buffet, Commencement Forums, and other events are always wonderful to attend. It should be a marvelous weekend. – *Mary Holburn*

1951

Micki Israel Balaban has a part-time psychotherapy practice and serves as a drama consultant to schools, organizations, and agencies. She was recently appointed to the West Haven, Conn., Prevention Policy Board, a group of concerned citizens working with a federal grant to diminish delinquency and violence. Micki and Red now have five grandchildren. “It gets easier to babysit,” she reports. They look forward to seeing everyone at the reunion.

Louise Dimlich Forstall attended a reception at the home of the President of Ireland, Mary Robinson, last May as part of a Brown Travelers trip guided by Professor of History L. Perry Curtis. Mouse writes that she presented the president with her own Brown boating hat, after which Robinson “spoke to us as a group, and then went around the room speaking individually to each member of the tour. Needless to say, we all thought she was the very personification of the ‘gracious living’ which Dean Morris espoused so fervently. We were charmed, and we’re all convinced she’ll go far in world affairs.” This note was forwarded by **Cleo Palelis Hazard**.

Eugene Jemal is a Peace Corps volunteer serving in the Czech Republic with **Jack Hess** ’43, “some 74 years young.”

1955

Richard Nourie was named a trustee of the Leukemia Society of America in February. A principal and senior vice president at Johnson & Higgins in Princeton, N.J., he is active in the United Way and the Philadelphia chapter of CIU/CLFC.

WHAT’S NEW?

Please send the latest about your job, family, travels, or other news to *The Classes*, Brown Alumni Monthly, Box 1854, Providence, R.I. 02912; fax (401) 863-9595; e-mail BAAM@brown.edu. Or you may send a note via your class secretary. Deadline for the October classnotes: July 15.

1956

Al Hakam '84 is going into business for himself after more than twenty-five years of teaching business to others. His company, OMMS Asia Consultants, facilitates business opportunities in Singapore and the Far East for small- and medium-sized American companies. He would love to hear from his classmates, fax 65-276-2648 in Singapore. He hopes to make it to the 40th reunion.

Margaret Devoe Gidley writes that **Phyllis Rannacher Dodson** is editing a book on Santa Barbara's local government. Phyl celebrated her 60th birthday with an around-the-world trip on "Semester at Sea."

1957

Douglas Godshall retired from Lockheed Martin Aerospace last November and moved back East after more than thirty years on the West Coast. He plans to find work with the Federal civil service in Washington, D.C., and then move to a farm in the Gettysburg, Pa., area. Douglas is a retired captain in the Naval Reserve and a registered professional engineer in California.

1958

William Stirling writes that his youngest daughter, Heidi, was married last September and is working as an administrative assistant at MIT's Laboratory for Nuclear Science. William's grandchildren, the sons of his other two daughters, are T.J., 12, James, 6, and twins Stephen and Michael, 3½.

1959

Lois Wolpert Graboys (see **Angela Graboys** '84)

Jean Sheridan is editor of *Writing Across the Curriculum* (Greenwood Press, Westport, Conn., 1995, \$69.50), a how-to manual for teaching writing to undergraduates. She writes that she has moved to Portland, Me.,

to "pursue life in the slow lane." She can be reached at (207) 774-0446; or e-mail: jeans@mamelink.net.

1960

Michael Evans '64 Ph.D., Evanston, Ill., is professor of economics at the Kellogg School at Northwestern University.

1961

Alice Guillemette Bransfield and her husband, Deck, joined their son, Mickey, at the Boy Scout World Jamboree in Holland. "Thanks to American TV shows," Alice writes, "everyone in Holland speaks perfect English."

Ellen Meyer reports that **Elizabeth Newsom Mohr** became a first-time grandmother last Nov. 7, when Kathryn Sidney Parker was born to Libby's daughter, Anna, and her husband, Gordon, of Virginia Beach. Libby's son, Jonathan, is a government relations specialist with the American Institute of Architects in Washington, D.C.

Robert Schmid was married last Oct. 15 to Elizabeth Marx (Goucher '65), who has since become mayor of Franklin Township, Hunterdon County, N.J. Three of Robert's sons have graduated from college, and the last just started at Carnegie Mellon.

Jane Pett Semmel opened her law office on Feb. 1. Her address is 254 West 400th South, Suite 320, Salt Lake City, Utah 84101; phone (801)364-2443.

1963

Stephen Murray's daughter, Cara, has been accepted, early action, to Brown's class of 2000; son Gordon is a senior at Skidmore. Stephen continues as a group counsel for Union Carbide Corp., specializing in real estate, finance, transportation, and maritime law. He and his wife, Linda (Barnard '65), celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary last June.

1964

A memorial garden will be dedicated in **Ruth Shereff**'s honor this spring in New York City, on Broadway between 121st and 122nd Streets. Ruth enjoyed planting flowers in her neighborhood and frequently made gifts of flower seeds to her friends. Rochelle and Jesse Shereff encourage Ruth's classmates to stop by or call (212) 496-1475.

1965

Elinor Bachrach is senior fiscal advisor for the U.S. Agency for International Development in Kiev, Ukraine, where she is managing

technical-assistance programs in the budget and tax areas and struggling to improve her Russian. Her internet address is ebachrach@usaid.gov.

John McMahon Jr. and **Lisa Warwick, R.I.**, announce the birth of Curran James. His brother, Alexander, 3, "has not decided yet whether or not we should keep him," John writes. "Now I can look forward to twenty-two more years of work as a retirement specialist/financial planner."

Robert Seiple received the Secretary of State's Open Forum 1995 Distinguished Public Service Award last September. In his acceptance address to the State Department, he spoke of "the need for a global engagement formed within the fabric of moral imperatives, human dignity, and the sanctity of life." Featured in the July 1994 issue of the *B.A.M.*, Bob is president of World Vision.

1966

Richard Anderson has joined GCI New York as executive vice president in charge of investor relations practice. Previously he was executive vice president of G.S. Schwartz & Co., a New York City-based public relations agency where he managed financial and investor relations groups.

John W. Blackburn is looking for a lost roommate, **Kurt Konrad Siemon** was best man in Jack's wedding thirty-one years ago. Jack has not heard from him in fifteen years and would appreciate any information. E-mail: jackbn1@helios.cps.k12.n.us.

1967

Karen Freeman Lowe, Rockville, Md., is secretary of the Mid-Atlantic Temple and Synagogue Administrators. She is the executive director of Temple Shalom in Chevy Chase, Md.

1969

Richard Feinberg has been appointed dean of UC-San Diego's Graduate School of International Relations and Pacific Studies, effective July 1. He is currently a special assistant to the president for national security affairs and senior director of the Office of Inter-American Affairs of the National Security Council at the White House.

1972

Dennis Percher writes that he "just missed the downsizing scythe," moving to Citibank's corporate performance improvement group last summer after seventeen years at AT&T. The job, he writes, "combines a challenging mix of activities: process analysis, consulting, group facilitation, training, and industry

Were You a Tom Sawyer Admit?

From 1963 to 1967, Brown University filled 10 percent of each freshman class with candidates who had less than outstanding academic records but possessed outstanding personal qualities. This 10 percent of each class was called "Tom Sawyers," although no student was advised as to whether he was a member of this special group of entering freshmen. Do you think you were admitted under the Tom Sawyer program? If so, we would like to know what you are doing now and how your life may have been different if you had not had the opportunity to attend Brown. Please write to The Journal of Blacks in Higher Education, 200 W. 57th Street, New York, NY 10019, or fax: (212) 245-1973.

Citizen Cane

Six years ago Nancy Blacher Shuster was diagnosed with an inner ear disorder that sometimes forces her to walk using a cane. Instead of slowing down, however, this retired English professor has become an entrepreneur.

In Shuster's hands a cane is not a crutch but "an accessory." Taking the standard drug-store-issue cane, she sands, refinishes, and decorates each one according to the needs – or whims – of her clients. "If they don't know what they want," she says, "I'll ask them what their favorite color is, or what their hobbies are."

Shuster, who now splits her year between Florida and Rhode Island, has been overwhelmed with orders since her company, Cane

Coordinates, was featured earlier this year in the *Narragansett Times* and the *Naples (Fla.) Daily News*.

She's even had to bring on extra help. "I've had to set it up as a cottage industry," she says. "I wanted to satisfy my customers, not keep them waiting."

Despite the increased interest and sales, Shuster, who also teaches writing workshops in Florida and Rhode Island, still deals individually with each of her clients, adds the final decorative flourishes to each cane herself, and encloses a personal note with the final product. "What's important is the story behind



the cane," she says, "the history of the person who needs it. I want people to ask my customers, 'Where'd you get the great cane?' Not, 'What's your problem?'"

For more information about the canes, write to Nancy Shuster, Unit 101, 5818 Glencove Dr., Naples, Fla. 33963 during the winter; or to 79 Boon St., Narragansett, R.I. 02882 during the summer.

research." Dennis works in New York City and lives in Maplewood, N.J., with his wife, Barbara, and daughters Ilana, 13, and Joanna, 7. He'd like to hear from classmates at (212) 559-4140, or dennis.percher@citicorp.com

1973

Stephen Kupersmith and **Eileen Schwartz Kupersmith** celebrated their daughter Lauren's Bat Mitzvah. **Maria Northup Sears** attended the event. Eileen and Stephen are in the college search process with their son, Adam. Stephen is an obstetrician-gynecologist, and Eileen teaches early childhood education and is a child care consultant.

George Thurston has been named director of the Community Outreach and Education Program at New York University's NIEHS Center of Excellence. The center is located at the Institute of Environmental Medicine, part of the NYU School of Medicine, where George is an associate professor. He has set up a Web page on environmental resources at <http://charlotte.med.nyu.edu/outreach/>.

1975

Thomas Fischer has been elected a fellow in the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers for his research in electronic signal processing and data compression. Decoding strings of algorithms and mathematical proce-

dures that enable voice, images, and data to be digitally transmitted or stored, his work concentrates on improving the speed, efficiency, and quality of electronic communication devices. Thomas is a professor of electrical engineering at Washington State University.

Victor H. Laws III, Salisbury, Md., chaired a task force to study the feasibility of a minor-league baseball stadium in Wicomico County. Last month the Class A Delmarva Shorebirds christened the A.W. Perdue Stadium, returning professional baseball to the Eastern Shore of Maryland after an absence of more than forty years.

1976

David Bellin writes from his home in Maalot, Israel, in the mountains of Galilee. "All is well in this serene, green region with my wife, Revital, and our three children, Avelet, Yair, and Noam." A professional tour guide, David operates his own travel systems company, specializing in off-the-beaten-track tours. He interviews high school seniors as a NASP volunteer and reports that his most recent interviewee was accepted by early action. David and his family recently attended a Brown Club of Israel event in Jerusalem, where they ran into Professor of Political Science Alan Zuckerman and Associate Dean of Medicine Ed Beiser. David asks classmates to contact him by telephone: 972-4-09-77-388, or e-mail: abellin@actcom.co.il.

1977

James Aguiar, Bolingbrook, Ill., writes, "To my best college buddy, Klem, send me some lobsters and I'll send you some deep-dish Chicago pizza. To everyone else, now that we have mastered the age of 40, we have a nine-year reprieve until the next hump!"

Linda Jaivin's first novel, *Eat Me*, a work of comic erotica, was published last September by Text Publishing, Melbourne. It has been a best-seller in Australia and will be published in the U.K. this year and in the U.S. next year. Linda lives in Sydney and is working on her second novel.

Brad Lambertsen, Wallingford, Pa., has been named head of project management for Hillier Architects, Philadelphia. Specializing in the coordination of engineers, consultants, architects, and clients on design projects, his work at Hillier has included the Vanguard Group corporate campus and operations center, Bell Atlantic corporate headquarters, and projects for Haverford College and the William Penn Carter School.

1978

Douglas Climan is a foreign service officer serving as political counselor in the American embassy in Luanda, Angola. "We're working with the largest U.N. peacekeeping force in the world to sustain a fragile peace process," he writes. "After twenty years of bitter civil war between government and UNITA forces

Angola is a difficult and challenging – but never boring – place to work.” Doug’s responsibilities also include human-rights reporting and support for the development of democratic institutions. He can be reached at douglas.liniana@doh.us-state.gov.

Timothy Meinert has been in the private practice of law for two years, after ten years as a prosecutor. “My office has a great view of the mountains,” he writes. His work has been so active he has only been able to ski twenty or thirty times a year. He can be contacted at Timothy A. Meinert P.C., P.O. Drawer 4547, Dillon, Colo. 80435; (970) 262-9390.

Michael Ursillo, Lincoln, R.I., is con-

tinuing the Providence law firm of his former partner, Frank J. Williams, who was recently appointed a Superior Court Judge. The firm is now named Ursillo, Teitz, & Ritch Ltd.

1979

Chris Charyk, Thetford, Vt., lives in an old farmhouse with his wife, Patricia; son, Nick, 10; and daughter, Anne, 7. Chris is a senior consultant with Planning Technologies Group Inc., a consulting firm in Lexington, Mass. Thanks to technology, he does a lot of his work “hooked in” from Vermont. Though his former punk band, the DEBS,

hasn’t performed since its days in Providence clubs twelve years ago, Chris still performs, now with a jazz quartet. “Maybe it’s time for a DEBS reunion!” he writes.

Neal Burnett lives in Portland, Ore., where he will stay, he writes, “until 1998, while my wife, Holly Lewis, submits to indentured servitude (they call it medical residency) at Providence Hospital.” With the trivestiture of AT&T, Neal now works for the newly-formed Lucent Technologies, but his “Bell Labs identity survives intact.” He is participating in the Internet Engineering Task Force and gets to explore cryptography protocols and the World Wide Web during working hours. Visit <http://ben.boulder.co.us/~neal/Home.html>

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PROFESSIONAL COUPLE, Brown class '79, needs healthy egg donor in R.I. area, age 21-34, to help us complete our family. Compensation for time and effort. Please call 401-421-9138.

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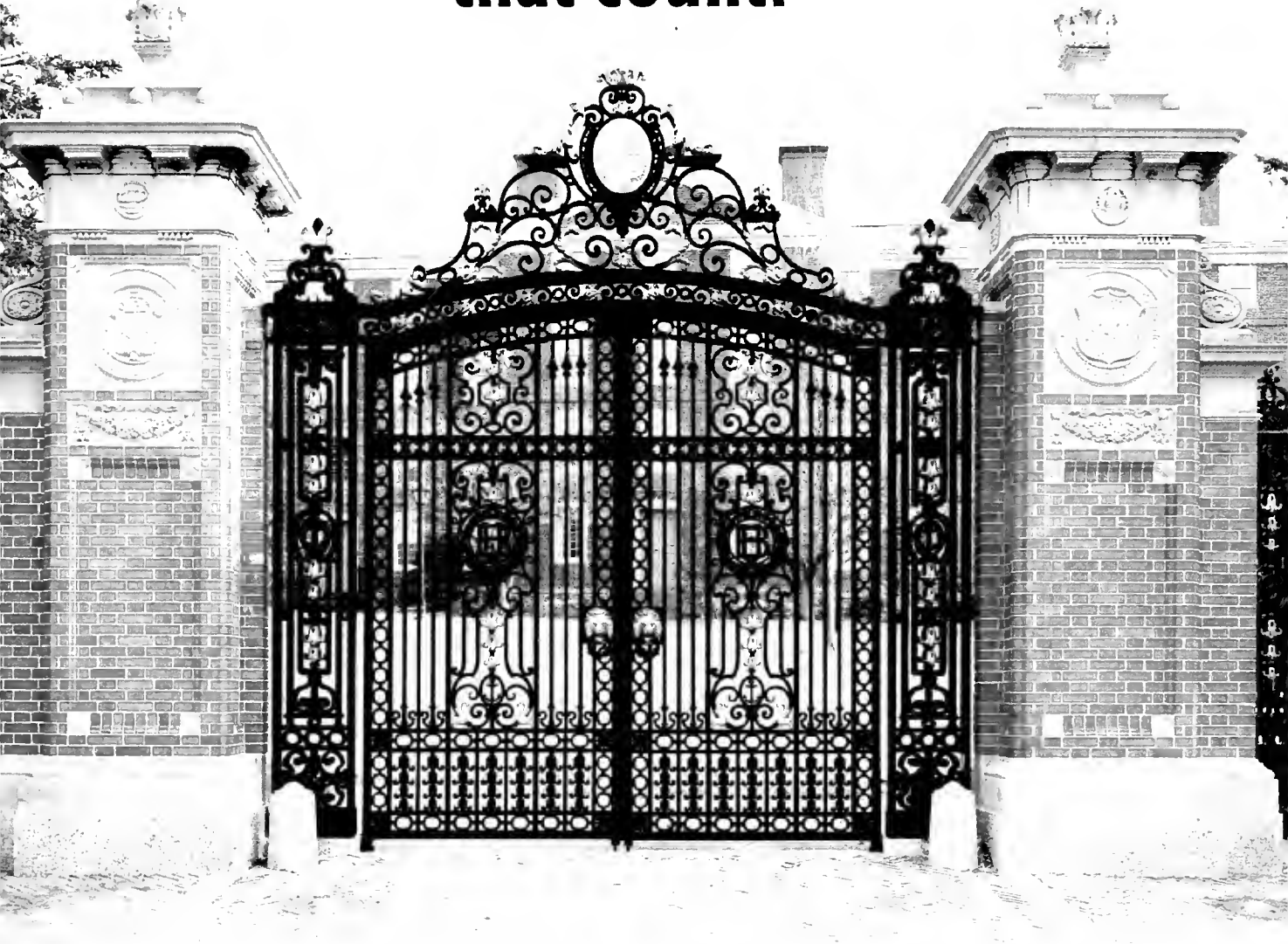
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Grassroots Go-Getter

Featured as "The NAACP's Local Hero" in the *Washington Post*, Emmitt Carlton Jr. has long tilled the garden of grassroots organization. In addition to serving as president of the Alexandria, Virginia, chapter of the NAACP, Carlton is vice president of its state office; serves on five legal and business boards; is the social action chairman of his Methodist church; and teaches writing at George Mason University's law school. When he's not volunteering, he's a consumer protection counsel for the National Association of Attorneys General.

Those who knew Carlton in the early eighties as president of Brown's Undergraduate Council of Students remember his hands-on, politically aggressive leadership. Now he's trying to usher the Alexandria NAACP chapter into a new era of activism. "The traditional voter-registration drives and job fairs are still great ideas," he says. "But I also want to have an impact on public pol-



CHAD EVANS/WEAT

icy." For example: How can the NAACP ease dealings between small businesses and city government?

Last fall Carlton helped draw up a seven-point plan for developing minority-owned businesses in Alexandria. Two of its recommendations – for a

small-business directory and a Small and Minority Business Commission – have been implemented, and others are in the works. The commission, a partnership between the NAACP, the Chamber of Commerce, and Alexandria's city council, is now setting up a one-stop consultation center for people who want to start or expand a small business.

Carlton's ideas have not gone unnoticed at the NAACP's national offices. Alexandria's 400-member chapter has received five awards in the past three years, including two Thalheimers, the organization's most prestigious honor.

"A lot of public policy is moving down to the state and local levels," says Carlton. "If we step up to the plate we can develop the capacity to handle things right where we are."

for more information. Neal's new address is 4533 N.E. Alameda, Portland 97213.

1980

Emilia Askari, Royal Oak, Mich., is president of the Society of Environmental Journalists. She wrote about her experience with the newspaper strikes in Detroit in the last issue of the society's newsletter. "One day, I was scrambling to write a masterpiece on nuclear waste. The next I was packing up my Rolodex and walking away from my desk at the *Detroit Free Press*. From the middle of a crowd of angry demonstrators Jimmy Hoffa Jr. was rasping into a megaphone, leading a chorus of union chants. A large truck driver peered down on me as I rode listening to the people shouting. 'I guess they don't teach you the words in journalism school,' he said. No, they didn't." Emilia can be reached at EmiliaA@aol.com.

John Auerbach and his wife, Deborah R. Bryan (Kent State '89 Ph.D.), moved from New Haven, Conn., to Johnson City,

Tenn. John, a clinical psychologist, is the coordinator of the post-traumatic stress program at the Mountain Home Veterans Affairs Medical Center. He is also a clinical associate professor of psychiatry in the James H. Quillen College of Medicine at East Tennessee State University, and remains a research affiliate in psychiatry at Yale's medical school. Deborah, a former clinical psychologist, is now an artist. Their address is 221 Heather Lane, Johnson City 37601; (423) 928-5313. John's work number is (423) 926-1171, ext. 7723; e-mail: auerbach.john_s+@aforum.va.gov.

Aliki Barnstone '83 A.M. is on leave from Bucknell University to serve as a writer-in-residence at Villanova. Her book of poems, *Bright Snow*, will be published by Carnegie-Mellon University Press this year. She is working on an annotated edition of H.D.'s *Tulogy*, which will be published by New Directions in 1997. Aliki received her Ph.D. from UC-Berkeley in 1995. She lives with her husband, novelist Joseph Clark, at 116 N. Front St., Lewisburg, Pa. 17837; (717) 524-5299; e-mail: barnstneta@bucknell.edu.

Dr. **Richard Linn** and his wife, Cori, Plantation, Fla., announce the birth of Cooper Aaron on Jan. 19. Matthew is 2. Richard writes, "My orthopedic practice is running nicely, and between work and the boys there is little time for my golf game."

Patricia Speier and Andrew Green (Michigan '81 M.D.) are enjoying life in Kansas. Pattie is teaching graduate classes for MBA and Master of Project Management programs; Andrew is busy with his endocrinology practice; and Gabriel, 4, spends his time at preschool and entertaining his new sister, Sarah Hallie, who was born May 13, 1995.

1981

Viveca Tung Kwan and Eddie S.K. Kwan, Cambridge, Mass., are delighted with their daughter, Montserrat Kirna, born June 22.

Mary Hillman Moen and **Phil Moen** announce the birth of Haley Elizabeth. She joins sisters Erika, 8, Brittany, 5, and Jenna, 2. Phil is a bid engagement manager with Digital Equipment Corp., and Mary is running a college financial-aid business from her home office. Phil can be reached at phil.moen@lex.mts.dec.com, and Mary at dgqa61a@prodigy.com. They're looking forward to the 15th reunion.

1982

Lisa Baldauf's photographs, "Tea Conversations," were shown at A La Carte in Berkeley, Calif., in January and February.

John Strauss is living in Canton, Ohio, after twelve years in Manhattan. "There are supposed to be over 100,000 artists living and working in New York City," he writes. "In Canton, I think there are two or three besides myself and my wife." Trained by a French master craftsman in Brooklyn, he is a self-employed furniture maker and working artist when he is not attending to Jesse Coyote Sanchez-Strauss, 2, and stepdaughters Lisa, 14, and Katherine, 11. He married Dominica Sanchez in 1991. John has been trying to start up a public access television station. He ran into **Barbara Breedon**, who is setting up a station in Hudson, Ohio, at a conference of the Alliance for Community Media. John is in touch with **Tom Bernabei** '68, Canton's city law director, on issues relating to the television station.

1983

Cheryl Jacobs Erlich, Chappaqua, N.Y., has left Manhattan but "had a last hurrah in the city" when CBS chose her brownstone as a location for filming an episode of "The Cosby Mysteries." "The crew did not, in fact, destroy our furniture and run up huge long-distance bills," she writes. "They were extremely polite and professional, and even repainted

the chips in the wall in exactly the same color." Cheryl, who was nine months pregnant at the time of the filming, wondered if Mr. Cosby would reprise his role as Dr. Huxtable. "Fortunately, both shooting and delivery went smoothly — on separate days." Cheryl is helping organize the thirteen-class reunion of the Murray Road Alternative High School of Newton, Mass., and asks that any Murray Road alumni contact her at (914) 238-0482.

The Rev. **Charles Higgins** is at St. James Church in Haverhill, Mass., working primarily with Hispanic immigrants. A Roman Catholic priest, he was ordained for the Archdiocese of Boston.

Henry Katz reports that his sixteen-month-old son, Perry, is "surfing the Net for animal pictures, albeit on his dad's lap." Henry is looking for more "Java ggs" and can be reached at hkatz@panix.com or hkatz@eyv.com.

Anne Schwartz and her husband, David Stonner, Washington, D.C., announce the birth of Julia Elizabeth on Aug. 11, 1994. Anne received a doctorate in health policy from Johns Hopkins in May 1995. She continues to work for the Physician Payment Review Commission, a congressional advisory body in Washington.

Whitney Stewart, New Orleans, has published *The 14th Dalai Lama: Spiritual Leader of Tibet* (Lerner Group, Minneapolis, 1996). She is currently working on a biography of Suu Kyi, the 1991 Nobel Peace Prize winner and founder of the National League of Democracy in Burma.

Kent Swig embarked on a new career when he purchased the Brown, Harris, Stevens real estate service company in March 1995. He writes that he "has not abandoned investments." In July, he purchased a twenty-story office building in New York City that houses the 200-person staff of his new company. Kent, his wife, Liz, and sons Simon, 5, and Oliver, 2, live in New York City.

Dr. Teresa Frisella Vanderlinde is an active duty major in the U.S. Army, stationed at Fort Bragg, N.C. She has been a practicing ob/gyn physician for three years. She recently received board certification in obstetrics and gynecology from A.C.O.G., and she is the education coordinator for her department. She will finish her military obligation in June 1997. Teresa and her husband, Jan, can't wait to return to New England, where she hopes to assume a small private practice. They have two children: Chelsea, 3, and Reed Ashton, born on February 14. Teresa would be happy to coordinate visiting medical students through a rotation in ob/gyn, and would love to hear from friends at 464 Summerlea Dr., Fayetteville, N.C. 28311.

1984

Nathaniel Barnes and **Marcy Jack Barnes** '86 live in Harker Heights, Tex. Nat is chief of urology at Darnall Army Community Hos-

TOM STONE '89

Pop and Sons

With everyone mourning the loss of the Mom-and-Pop corner drugstore, who's worrying about the Mom-and-Pop pharmaceuticals manufacturers? Tom Stone, that's who. As the head of marketing for his family-owned company, Stone isn't surprised that when customers think medicines they think multinationals. "Some of the best products in this country are not on store shelves," Stone says, because the companies producing them "won't or can't afford the advertising budgets the big stores demand."

His approach to selling Denison Pharmaceuticals' hygiene and medicinal products is to appeal to his customers directly, an approach novel enough to be featured in a February *Providence Journal* story that was reprinted in the *New Jersey Star-Ledger* and the *San Jose Mercury News*. To help Denison make the leap, the company acquired Sana Balm, a small manufacturer of medicated footpowder, whose loyal customer base he hopes will be the core of a new, consumer-oriented Denison. "There are only a couple thousand people right now," Stone says, "and I can usually remember their names. When it

gets to be a million I won't be able to do it."

This family-style approach to marketing was prompted by changes in the way the large pharmaceutical companies do business. Rather than hiring contractors such as Denison Pharmaceuticals as suppliers, companies such as Proctor & Gamble have been buying out smaller companies in a move toward reducing costs through vertical integration. When Denison suddenly lost its largest contract this way, Stone and two brothers left other jobs to join their father in helping the company recover from a sixty-five percent drop in revenue.

"Big companies can be a little skeptical of family businesses," Stone says. "But in today's market [small businesses] give people a sense that, 'Hey, somebody cares about me.'" "Big companies can be a little skeptical of family businesses," Stone says. "But in today's market [small businesses] give people a sense that, 'Hey, somebody cares about me.'" **Dr. Cathleen Greenberg London** and her husband, Wayne, Portland, Ore., announce the birth of Benjamin Eliezar on Dec. 2.



Keeping on eye on the kettles: Tom Stone (right) and his father, Edward, at the Denison mixing facility in Pawtucket, R.I.

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in Park Heights. This note was sent in by her mother, **Lois Wolpert Graboys** '59.

Andrea Hirschfeld Unterberger, Philadelphia, was married on Nov. 26 to Robert Unterberger (Lufs '84).

Frances Lefkowitz has published *Marilyn Monroe*, a biography of the film star for young adult readers.

Dr. Cathleen Greenberg London and her husband, Wayne, Portland, Ore., announce the birth of Benjamin Eliezar on Dec. 2.

1985

Janey Skinner co-founded Peace Brigades International, the first permanent international human rights project in Colombia.

Following two years of design training at Art Center Europe in Switzerland, **Alessandro Subrizi** joined Fitch, an international

design consulting firm, in 1991. He is now general manager of the San Francisco office. Alessandro can be reached at alex-subrizi@fitch.com, or at home, (415) 921-8009.

1986

Ron Alcalay still revels in Bay Area life. He is teaching silent film history at UC-Berkeley and finishing his "surreptitiously autobiographical" dissertation, "Adamant Immaturity," about U.S. narrative in the 1950s. "See you in May," he writes. "I'm stoked!" Ron can be reached at (510) 658-9631, or ronalc@uchink.berkeley.edu.

LaMont Berger recently completed a video project with Emmy-winning actress Sela Ward. The project features six minutes of advanced computer-generated images. He also was recognized with Vice President Al Gore's Hammer Award for his work with NASA on the Tri-State Education Initiative.

Dick Chase writes that his wife, Francie, "birthed our first child," Samantha Taylor, on Dec. 6. Dick is the lead multimedia and educational software developer for Chancellor & Dean in Concord, Mass. "Interesting twist for one who got 'NC' for CS 4," Dick writes.

Lillian Gustilo and **Roderick Hamar**, Darien, Conn., announce the birth of Daniel Cameron, born December 1. He joins his sister, Alexandra Leigh, who turned 2 on March 4.

Allyson Rosen is completing a two-year postdoctoral fellowship in neuropsychology at the Medical College of Wisconsin, and would love to hear from friends. Her address is 2500 N. 124th St., #105, Milwaukee 53226; e-mail: acr@post.its.mcu.edu.

Rick Weinland and his wife, Sandy Novo, announce the birth of Lucas Adrian, born last August in Caracas, Venezuela.

1987

Henry Hammond and his wife, Mimi Neuman, Boston, announce the birth of Eli Benjamin Hammond in November.

Jennifer Klein married Todd Stern last September. A number of alumni celebrated with them. Jennifer and Todd met at the White House, where he is assistant to the President and staff secretary and she is a special assistant to the President for domestic policy for the First Lady and on the domestic policy council staff.

William R. Kraus and his wife, Laura (Fairfield '87), announce the birth of their first child, Nicholas William, on December 6. They live in Ridgefield, Conn., and can be reached at (203) 438-3816.

Karen Cantrell LeCates moved back to Atlanta after five years on Wall Street and accepted a job with a management consulting firm. She married Andy LeCates (Penn State '80) in September 1994. "We happily reside in the suburbs. Look us up if you're in town."

Kimberly Haroz Murphy and her hus-

band, Michael J. Murphy (Hamilton '87), are foreign service officers with the U.S. State Department, currently posted in Cameroon, Africa. They will return to Washington, D.C., in July, and they hope to see other Washington-area alumni.

Ben Phillips has lived in Guatemala for six of the last eight years, working with the Peace Corps, Catholic Relief Services, and various short-term consultancies. He is currently with PLAN International, coordinating grants and public relations activities for the Central American/Caribbean Regional office. He and his wife, Lorena Alvarez, cultivate raspberries, blackberries, and vegetables on a small plot of land. Anyone coming to Central America's prime vacation spot should call Ben during working hours at (011-502) 235-9147; or e-mail benjamin-phillips.pinbox@partu.inform.org.

Robin Wilpon Wachtler lives on Long Island with her husband, Philip, and children Kimberly, 5, and Benjamin, 2. She would love to hear from friends at 40 Dogwood Lane, Port Washington, N.Y. 11050.

1988

Laurie Reed Caputo and **Rich Caputo** announce the birth of Richard III in August. They live in Manhattan.

Amy Broderick Child married Rob Child (UMass-Amherst '85) at her parents' lake house in the Adirondacks in May 1995. Rob is a freelance TV director in New York City, and Amy runs Digital Ink, a desktop publishing, design, and printing business from their home. She would love to hear from classmates, "especially those who have beaten me to the big three-o," she writes. "It'll make me feel young." E-mail Amy5660@aol.com, or write to 81 Locust Ave., New Canaan, Conn. 06840.

Denise Noble received a master's of environmental management from Duke in December 1993. From April to October of the following year she and her fiancé, Chris, hiked the Appalachian Trail. They ended on October 10 at the northern terminus, Mt. Katahdin, where Chris proposed. They both worked at AT&T before moving to Colorado last August. Denise is now working on her Ph.D. in ecology at Colorado State University and will be married in Vermont next month. She and Chris live at 2120 W. Vine Dr., Fort Collins 80521; e-mail denisen@oxytropis.cnr.colostate.edu.

Karen DeLucia Pinch and her husband, Steven, Wakefield, R.I., announce the birth of Ryan Daniel Pinch on Feb. 22. Karen's parents are **Lenore Donofrio DeLucia** '58 and **Clement DeLucia** '63.

Ken Rosenzweig and Stacey Berg Rosenzweig (Cornell '88) announce the birth of Olivia Hannah on Jan. 19. Ken will finish his residency in radiation oncology in June 1997, and Stacey is a pediatrician in Framingham, Mass. They can be reached at 1443 Bea-

con St., Apt. 605, Brookline, Mass. 02146; or (617) 731-4053.

1989

Leslie Allen finally made the big move to San Francisco. "It's great to be close to so many Brunomans," she writes. "And although I miss East Coast friends, I don't miss that New Jersey weather." The highlight of her move was the "no bounds" hoedown in Jackson Hole, Wyo., where **Jessica Case** "lassoed her cowboy." Many Pembroke #3ers attended Jessica's wedding. Leslie welcomes visitors to the Bay Area; call (415) 776-7583.

Chris Bitting completed his M.B.A. at Washington University in St. Louis last year, then moved to New York City where he has worked for Deutsche Morgan Grenfell since August. "When I'm not tied up by life on the mortgage-backed desk," he writes, "I'm out with **Ron Phillips**, who recently moved here from D.C. to work for Wachtell, Lipton." Chris can be reached at home, 200 W. 60th St., Apt. 20C, New York 10023, (212) 974-7402; work (212) 474-8517; or jrdj33a@prodigy.com.

1990

Karen R. Brown and Michael Robin (Cornell '88) will be married on June 2. They live in Bronxville, N.Y., where Michael is involved with screenwriting projects and Karen is finishing her first year as a Dean's Scholar at NYU's Robert F. Wagner School for Public Service, pursuing a master's in public administration. They can be reached at (914) 793-5520, or at kqb7481@is.nyu.edu.

Daniel Kraft is finishing medical school at Stanford. He returned in January from a two-month medical expedition to Nepal, and will be idling away his time before residency at NASA and Genentech. Drop him an e-mail at krafty@leland.stanford.edu.

Ron Tache will marry Caren McCarthy (Regis '87) next February. They live in Brussels, where Ron is the European operations manager for Auburn International Inc. He can be reached at 100764.2171@compuserve.com; or Square de Boondael No. 1, 1050 Bruxelles, Belgium.

1991

Meredith Norvell Coppola is a stay-at-home mom to son Benjamin Paul, born on Aug. 9. "Dad **Chris** '90 and I are busy prepping him for the Brown Class of 2016," she writes. They'd love to hear from friends at 133 B Florence Road, Branford, Conn. 06405.

Kelly Ferrigno Hort was married last June and began her pediatric residency in Jacksonville, Fla., in July.

Leslie P. King will receive an M.D. from the University of Virginia and a masters

of public health from Johns Hopkins in May. She began a plastic surgery residency in March. Leslie plans to attend Campus Dance after spending the spring in Central and South America. "Very happy to report that I've reached a single woman," she writes.

Scott Miller received an M.S. in watershed management from the University of Arizona last fall. His thesis was on GIS applications on Southwest rangelands and stream channel evolution. Although officially employed as a research specialist for the University of Arizona, Scott works full-time for the USDA ARS Southwest Watershed Research Center in Tucson and teaches a course in geology at a local private school. He can be reached at miller@tucson.ars.ag.gov.

Konstantin von Unger returned to Germany after the crumbling of the wall to work for Bam & Co., a management consultancy where he worked on Polish, Ukrainian, and German projects. "After two years selling bleach for a German multinational in Barcelona," he writes, "I gained insight into Spanish washing habits." Konstantin is now in his second year of an M.B.A. program at the London Business School. Besides the older fellows at the Brown Club of London, he meets **Olga Geroulanos**, **Ronil Malaney**, **Casimir Ysenburg**, **Maritzina Cattagirone** '92, **Anastasia Manias** '92, **Matthew Newton** '92, **Charles Bonas** '90, and **Karine de-Brabant** '90. If you are in the London area call (0171) 373-5787; or e-mail 75337.315@acompuserve.com.

1992

Beatriz Kravetz de Bornacini married Eugenio Bornacini on the beach of Huatulco, Oaxaca, last Nov. 25. Many Brown alumni were in attendance. Beatriz can be reached at Sierra Friá 470, Lomas de Chapultepec, 11000 Mexico D.F., Mexico; or (52-5) 520-2301.

Michael Müller writes of those who attended the Center for Environmental Studies reunion held last September 15-17: "There were scientists, teachers, writers, community activists, consultants, government employees, aspiring entrepreneurs and, of course, perennial students." Those on hand included **Jeff Albert**, **Sandra Baptista** '94, **Patti Caton**, **Jon Clough** '94, **Neil Donahue** '85, **Rick Duke**, **Beth Farnsworth** '84, **Chip Giller** '93, **Jason Grumet** '89, **Dana Hanson** '93, **Xena Huff** '90, **Katrina Smith Korf-macher** '90, **Angela Liu** '89, **Adam Marks** '86, **Marie O'Neill** '90, **Judy Paolucci** '87, **Charlie Plant** '95, **Nicole Rolbin** '93, **Loren Stolow** '83, **Mike Tetreault** '89, and **Amy White** '94. Michael urges those who missed the reunion to check out the Web page at <http://www.clark.net/pub/mmuller/reunion95.html>. The next reunion will be October 4-6, 1996. Please contact Patti Caton, Marie O'Neill, or Adam Marks if you have questions or suggestions.

Craig Perry has had trouble reconciling

his experiences at Brown with his membership in the military since he joined the Air Force in 1994. "After all," he writes, "I protested Desert Shield/Desert Storm on the pages of the *BIDN* and *College Hill Independent*. So I was happy to read in February Classes about classmates who've made similar career choices. It's good to know I'm not alone." Craig returned to San Antonio after graduation to teach high school math. After a year he entered Officer Training School at Maxwell AFB, Ala., then spent nine months in tech school at Goodfellow AFB, Tex. He is now an intelligence analyst for Central Command Air Forces at Shaw AFB, S.C., supporting operations over southern Iraq and throughout the Middle East. He spent six weeks in Egypt for Bright Star '95 last fall, and was to spend three months this spring in Saudi Arabia. Craig's wife, Laura, is in AmeriCorps, "fighting domestic violence and sexual abuse." They can be reached at (803) 775-8759; 2000 Tudor Pl., Sumter, S.C. 29150.

John Warren moved to San Francisco two years ago, planning to stay only for the summer. He has been directing and teaching drama, most recently for the San Francisco Shakespeare Festival. In December he wrote and performed a one-man show called *In The Chan: Confessions of a Department Store Santa*. He is now forming a theater company called the Unconditional Theater and searching for places to do site-specific performance. He can be reached at 418 Second Ave., #303, San Francisco 94118.

1993

Salim Haji writes that he was best man at the wedding of **Kevin Eagan** and **Carla Gismondi** '92 last August in Pittsburgh. "It was a wonderful wedding, with lots of Brown grads attending, and a great way for us to see each other again."

Carl McCarthy is in his second year at the University of Pennsylvania law school. He helps run a student-operated clinic that provides free representation to food stamp recipients, and will be working at a firm in New York City this summer.

1994

Matthew Josefowicz writes that he and fellow former *Brown Daily Herald* opinions editor **Diane Greco** '93 are living together in Boston. Diane recently completed her general exams in the history of science at MIT and is beginning her dissertation. She is also senior editor at Eastgate Systems Inc., a hypertext publishing company in Watertown, Mass. Matthew has transferred to the Cambridge office of D.E. Shaw & Co., a New York-based high-tech investment firm where he has worked since August. He received his black belt in Seido Karate last year. Friends can reach them at 31 Massachusetts Ave., #22, Boston

02115, (617) 530-8086; or at dgreco@mit.edu and josefow@des Shaw.com.

Suzanne Kao and **Andrew Coulam**, Carboro, N.C., were engaged last October.

Jeff Kvaal writes to say he attended the wedding of **Sean Powers** and **Tristan Lester** on New Year's weekend. "The wedding was wonderful," he writes, "as was the company and the pool." Many Brown alumni were in attendance.

Ben McBride is completing his second year in the environmental geophysics graduate program at the University of Massachusetts, where he is also the assistant men's swimming coach. He can be reached at Apt. 10-1 Southpoint, Amherst, Mass. 01002; or bmcbride@ecology.geo.umass.edu.

Erin McCloskey is teaching English in a public elementary school in Patara, Domsam-parados, Costa Rica, until next February. She is a volunteer with WorldTeach Inc., an American nonprofit organization committed to grassroots educational reform in Costa Rica and six other countries.

GS

William S. Green '74 Ph.D. has been named provost for educational planning at the University of Rochester through August 1997. A professor in Rochester's Judaic Studies program and college dean for undergraduate studies, Green will help implement the Rochester Renaissance Plan, which calls for a new curriculum, more selectivity in undergraduate admissions, new investments in campus facilities, and a significantly smaller student body. He will also begin developing a Center for Teaching Excellence to assist faculty, graduate students, and undergraduate teaching fellows in improving their teaching skills.

John Harrington '85 A.M. has accepted a position at the Waller, Lansden, Dortch, & Davis law firm in Nashville. Previously he was a foreign service officer in the U.S. State

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Department and a law clerk for Charles D. Susano Jr. in the Tennessee court of appeals. Harrington is a member of the Tennessee, Virginia, and American bar associations.

Rebecca Marvil '84 Sc.M., Cambridge, Mass., received a Fulbright lecturing award and is teaching filmmaking in Peru this spring and summer. A documentary filmmaker, Marvil lived in Colombia in 1993-94, helping design an environmental education campaign for the city of Bogotá and producing a children's TV program on the environment and conservation.

Earl Pope '62 Ph.D. was appointed to the International Scientific Council of the Black Sea University, Mangalia, Romania. Last summer Pope directed a seminar, "Encounter of Religions in the Black Sea Area," at the university.

Asle Sudbo '90 Sc.M. was recently promoted to full professor of theoretical physics in the Department of Physics at Norwegian University of Science and Technology. E-mail: sudbo@phys.unit.no.

Emily Tall '74 Ph.D. is an associate professor of Russian at SUNY-Buffalo and author, with V. Vlasikova, of *Let's Talk About Life* (John Wiley & Sons), an advanced Russian conversation and culture text.

MD

Sheila E. Tapp '85 M.D. and her husband, Raymond E. Samuel, announce the birth of Joseph Walter on Jan. 22. Sheila is an attending physician in internal medicine at Montefiore Medical Center in the Bronx, and Raymond is completing his residency in orthopedic surgery. **Tina Patterson** '85 and **Rose Barnaby** '85 promised to stop in with initial deposits for Joseph's college fund," Raymond writes.

Maurice M. Pike '21, South Glastonbury, Conn.; Nov. 19. After graduating from Harvard Medical School in 1925, he trained at the Hartford, Massachusetts General, and Boston Children's hospitals. He had an orthopedics practice in Hartford for many years and served as chief of orthopedics at the Newington Veteran's Administration Hospital. He was an associate professor of clinical medicine at Yale Medical School. During World War II he was chief of orthopedics at Dribble General Hospital for the U.S. Army Medical Corps. Dr. Pike was a member of the Hartford County Medical Association, the Connecticut State Medical Society, and the American Medical Association. He was certified with the American Board of Orthopedic Surgeons, a fellow of the American Academy of Orthopedic Surgeons, president of the Boston Orthopedic Club, and a fellow of the American Academy

of Surgeons, Phi Beta Kappa. He is survived by a son and a daughter, Janice P. Wasserman, 400 Dayton Rd., So. Glastonbury 06033.

Robert W. Pratt III '26, Greene, R.I.; Jan. 13. He was owner of the Pratt Marketing and Opinion Research Co. in Greene for thirty-three years before retiring in 1978. He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth Woodruff Pratt, P.O. Box 1, Greene 02616; a son; and two daughters.

Elisabeth Stillwell Ripton '26, Douglaston, N.Y.; Nov. 20. After retiring from the New York Department of Social Services in 1968, she was active with the League of Women Voters, the United Hospital Fund, and the Pembroke Club of New York. She is survived by her son, Hugh, 242-31 51st Ave., Douglaston 11362; and a daughter.

Helen J. True '26, Providence; 1992. She had been a librarian at the Providence Public Library.

Jesse P. Eddy III '28, Providence; Jan. 20. A surgeon for more than fifty years, he founded Rhode Island's first blood bank in 1951. He was an associate member of the John Carter Brown Library, and established the Jesse P. Eddy Pooled Income Trust to support medical education at Brown. He founded the Providence Surgical Society and was a fellow in the American College of Surgeons. He was a member of the Society of Mayflower Descendants, the Sons of the American Revolution, the Society of Colonial Wars, the National Society of Founders and Patriots of America, and was a 32nd-degree Mason. He is survived by his wife, Constance Louise Eddy, 220 Laurel Ave., Providence 02906; and three daughters.

Harvey E. Nair '28, Jupiter, Fla.; Jan. 22. He practiced law in Hartford for more than fifty years and was a member of the Rhode Island and Connecticut bar associations. He was on the board of the Hartford Conservatory of Music and the YMCA, where he played in the state racquetball finals. He is survived by his wife, Arlene, 3538 Lantern Bay Dr., Jupiter 33477; a daughter; and a son.

Paul F. Thomas '28, East Wenatchee, Wash.; Dec. 23. He was president and owner of Oneonta Trading Corp., an international fruit trading company. Active in athletics at Brown, he was president of his country club and the Columbia Valley Hockey League. He is survived by three sons, including Paul, 17605 182 Ave. N.E., Woodinville, Wash. 98072.

Thornton K. Tyson '28, Reseda, Calif.; 1985. He was a co-owner and a founder of the former Tyson & Tyson law firm in Brooklyn, N.Y.

Anna Minard Davis '29, Springdale, Ohio; Jan. 26. She was a church organist and choir director for twenty years, and was business

manager and a substitute piano teacher for the family business, the Wyoming Institute of Musical Arts, Phi Beta Kappa. She is survived by three daughters, including **Pauline** '56, 18350 Hatteras Rd., Tarzana, Calif. 91350; and a son, **John** '63.

Hope Buck Clifford '32, Palo Alto, Calif.; Nov. 19. She is survived by her husband, David, 1560 Dana Ave., Palo Alto 94303; a son; a daughter; and a sister, **Helen Buck** '31.

Robert E. Johnson '32, Brooklyn, Me.; Dec. 1. After graduating from Cornell Law School in 1935, he joined the law department of Railway Express, where he worked for thirty-two years, specializing in labor negotiations and rate cases. In 1940 he was elected to the New York State Senate representing Staten Island, leaving in 1942 to serve in the Pacific theater with the U.S. Marine Corps during World War II. Upon his return he resumed his seat in the state Senate. He was later named district attorney for Richmond County, N.Y. In 1970 he moved to Brooklyn and set up a private law practice, which he maintained until 1990. He was a member of the Friends Memorial Library Board, the Hancock County Planning Commission, and the Meals-for-ME Advisory Board. He is survived by his wife, Peg, Naskeag Point, P.O. Box 157, Brooklyn 04616; and a daughter.

H. Lawrence Wolfson '32, Holyoke, Mass.; Dec. 4. He was an attorney for more than fifty years in Chicopee, Mass., where he served on the Board of Trade and was director of the Chamber of Commerce. He was a U.S. Army veteran of World War II, serving in the Southwest Pacific theater. A member of the American Civil Liberties Union, he was also a life bridge master. He is survived by a son and a daughter.

Tina Codiani Hall '33, Williamsburg, Mass.; Jan. 24. She was a computer systems programmer at the University of Pittsburgh's learning research and development center for many years before retiring to Williamsburg. An outdoor enthusiast, she worked for the planning commission of Williamsburg and was active with the League of Women Voters. She is survived by a daughter; a son; and a sister, **Anne Holbrook** '42, 129 King St. Apt. 2A, Northampton, Mass. 01060.

D. Harold Johnson '33, New Canaan, Conn.; Dec. 11. He owned a real estate consultancy and was a retired salesman for the former Continental Can Co. He is survived by his wife, Threba, 79 Heritage Hill Rd., New Canaan 06840; a son, **David C. Johnson** '62; and a daughter.

Gretchen B. Machmer '33, Ogdensburg, N.Y.; Jan. 27. She attended the Simmons College School of Library Science and was a children's librarian in Floral Park, N.Y.; Red Bank, N.J.; and Ogdensburg.

Emma Gorton Peirce '33, New Gloucester, Me.; Dec. 20. She worked at the University of Virginia in rare books and manuscripts; taught Latin and English at George Stevens Academy in Blue Hill, Me.; and kept records in purebred Jersey breeding establishments. She is survived by her husband, John A. Peirce, 1287 Intervale Rd., New Gloucester 04260; and two daughters.

Ruth E. Shailer '33, Warwick, R.I.; Jan. 25. A secondary-school teacher in Warwick's public school system for forty-three years, she was a volunteer for the Red Cross and the Warwick Public Library after retiring. Phi Beta Kappa.

Phyllis Mosher Tryon '33, Goleta, Calif.; July 8.

Clyde B. Gordon '34, Concord, Mass.; Jan. 10. He was president and director of Monarch Life Insurance and Monarch Capital Corp. in Springfield, Mass. After retirement he was a model shipwright for Mystic Seaport, Connecticut. His most recent work was a replica of the *Nellie G.*, the original ferry to Squirrel Island, Me. He was a U.S. Navy veteran of World War II, serving as lieutenant in charge of sonar operations aboard the U.S.S. *Cater* and winning the Navy Commendation ribbon for a successful attack on a German U-boat. He is survived by his wife, Doris Sawyer Hoar Gordon, 18 South Meadow Ridge, Concord 01742; three sons, including **James** '61 and **Clyde Jr.** '68; two daughters; a stepson; and two stepdaughters.

Robert B. Randels '35 A.M., Arlington, Va.; Nov. 1. He was a process engineer at Westinghouse Electronic Tubes and a research physicist for Corning Glass Works. He is survived by a son, George.

Knight D. Robinson '35, Wakefield, R.I.; Feb. 1. He was an architect with Robinson, Green, & Beretta Corp. until retiring in 1970. A former president of the Rhode Island Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, he designed the RISD dormitory, the URI Library, and the Newport Public Library. He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth, 2717-J Commodore Oliver Perry Hazard Hwy., Wakefield, 02879; and two daughters, including **Eugenia Robinson Bartlett** '70.

Edith Tittle Starrett '35, Gun Barrel City, Tex. She was a retired chief underwriter for Liberty Mutual Insurance Co. She is survived by two sons.

Hope Richardson Anderson '36, Rumford, R.I.; Jan. 19. She was a secretary and technician for a Providence physician for many years. A longtime resident of Rumford, she was a member of the Central Congregational Church in Providence. She was a member of the Pembroke Club and reunion chair for her class from 1953-61. She is survived by a niece, Janet Damrell, of Scituate, Mass.

John H. Davis '36, Providence; Nov. 9. A sports copy editor for the *Providence Journal* for forty years, he was a founder and past president of the Rhode Island Timers Guild. He was a chief commissioner of the Amateur Athletic Union and a member of the Rhode Island Interscholastic Schoolboy Sports Association. He held the Moses Brown School record for the 50-yard dash for many years, and was a track and field athlete at Brown. He is survived by a daughter and a son, Peter, 69 Babcock St., Providence 02905.

Winton L. Slade '36, Lancaster, Pa.; Jan. 18. He was a research and development engineer for the former Raybestos-Manhattan Corp., where he was awarded four patents for jet engine fuel-hose lining. He was the conductor and drum major of the Brown band and conductor of the Brown orchestra. He is survived by his wife, Constance, 1115 Manetta Ave. #18, Lancaster 17608; a brother, **George** '39; and a daughter.

Gladys Waterhouse Miller '37, Boise, Idaho. She was a retired teacher. She is survived by her husband, Frank, 1093 S. Hilton St. #147, Boise 83705; three sons; and a daughter.

Sam Weisberg '37, Stamford, Conn.; Dec. 6. A lifelong resident of Stamford, he had a private dental practice until 1976, when he joined the Stamford Health Department as director of dental health. He received the Bronze Star, the World War II victory medal, the American campaign medal, and three battle stars for his U.S. Army Dental Corps service during World War II. He served with the 419th field artillery group and participated in landings on Saipan, Timan, and Okinawa. He is survived by his wife, Ida Brown Weisberg, 154 Cold Spring Rd. #28, Stamford 06905; two sons; and three daughters.

Benjamin A. Chase '38, Orange, Conn.; Jan. 17. He was president of Chase MacArthur Co., a manufacturing agency. He was a class agent, area chairman of the Brown Housing and Development Fund, a trustee of the Brown Fund, president of the Brown Club of New Haven, a member of the Development Council, regional vice president of the Alumni Association and a 1964 nominee for its presidency. He was a U.S. Army veteran of World War II. He is survived by his sons, **Philip** '70 and **Tyler** '73.

James F. Keegan '38, Providence; 1977. He was an accountant for Comerv, Davison, & Co. He is survived by a son, **Peter** '66, 1192 Park Avenue, #6E, New York City 10128.

Benjamin J. Hunter '39, Scranton, Pa.; July 5, 1994. He was a public relations specialist and technical advisor for the U.S. Army and a revenue officer for the Internal Revenue Service. He was a lieutenant in the U.S. Army and received a Bronze Star for his service in World War II.

Clementine Kinnear Scanlon '39, East Hartford, Conn.; Nov. 1.

Virginia Kelley Sherbino '39, Dartmouth, Mass.; Jan. 28. She was a science teacher at New Bedford (Mass.) High School for twenty-seven years, previously working at Porter Hospital in Middlebury, Vt., as an x-ray technologist. She was a member of the New Bedford Educators Association and the Catholic Women's Club. She is survived by four daughters, including Leshe J. Mathes, 1 Misham Dr., S. Dartmouth 02748.

Donald S. McNeil '40, Wellesley, Mass.; Jan. 8. Before becoming director of development at Curry College, he owned the Fairview Dairy in Wellesley Hills and worked for the Pennsylvania Railroad and the British Purchasing Commission. An active member of the Alumni Association, he was a past president of the Wellesley Rotary Club and the Independent Milk Dealers Association. He was a U.S. Marine Corps veteran of World War II, serving in the Pacific theater. He is survived by a son, **Andrew** '66, 350 Spring St. Wrentham, Mass. 02093; and two daughters.

Joseph H. Windle Jr. '40, Daytona Beach, Fla.; Nov. 21. He was a retired owner of *TT Ties* and a district manager for World Book Encyclopedia. He was a U.S. Navy veteran of World War II. He is survived by three sons and a stepdaughter.

Donald F. Benton '42, Sacramento, Calif. He was a lieutenant colonel with the U.S. Air Force before retiring to become a captain with Japan Airlines. He lived in Tokyo for many years. He is survived by his wife, Dorothy, 3360 Hartselle Way, Sacramento 95827; a son; three daughters; and a brother, **William Benton Jr.** '36.

H. Richard Blackwell '42 A.M., Longboat Key, Fla.; Sept. 20. He was an associate professor of psychology at the University of Michigan and director of the Institute for Research in Vision at Ohio State University. A fellow of the Optical Society of America, he was a member of the Illuminating Engineering Society, the American Psychological Association, and the AAAS. Phi Beta Kappa. He is survived by his wife, **Olive Mortenson Blackwell** '45, 4485 Gulf of Mexico Apt. #03, Longboat Key 34228; a son; and a daughter.

Leonard H. Blazar '42, St. Thomas, U.S.V.I.; Jan. 24. He and his son were partners in a photography studio for the last thirteen years. Previously he had owned and operated several small businesses in Rhode Island. He was a U.S. Navy veteran of World War II, taking part in the invasion of North Africa. He is survived by his wife, Edith; three sons; and a brother, **Sheldon M. Blazar** '51.

Andrew S. Clark '42, Houston. He was a project manager with Crawford and Russell

Inc., Stamford, Conn., and previously worked as manager of engineering services for Allied Chemical Corp., Buffalo, N.Y. He was a U.S. Army Corps of Engineers veteran of World War II, serving in the European theater. He is survived by his brother, **William** '37, P.O. Box 54, Harmony, R.I. 02829.

Edwina Hall McKenny '43, Portland, Oreg.; Jan. 22. A laboratory bacteriologist and technologist for several Portland-area hospitals, she was a chemist for the E.I. DuPont Co. during World War II. She is survived by her husband, Robert, 8222 S.E. Flavel, Portland 97266; a sister, **Althea H. McAleer** '40; and two stepchildren.

Paul S. Rockwell '43, Bristol, R.I.; Jan. 3. Development director of the Harvard School of Public Health and the Boston Children's Museum, he had served in similar posts at the Mary C. Wheeler School, Pomfret School, and several universities. He was a stage manager at Brattle Theatre in Cambridge, Mass., and was active with other theater groups in New England. He was a U.S. Army veteran of World War II. He is survived by four daughters and two sons.

Robert P. Murphy '45, Boston; Mar. 2, 1995. He was a teacher and assistant principal in the Boston public school system. He is survived by his brother, Kenneth.

J. Woodward Blocher '46, San Marino, Calif.; July 6. He was a district sales manager for E.I. DuPont Photo Chemicals. Captain of the Brown baseball team in 1944, he was a U.S. Navy veteran of World War II. He is survived by his wife, **Joan Forster Blocher** '47, 2715 California Blvd., San Marino 91108.

Evelyn Lindsay Roberts '46, Columbia, Md.; Nov. 13. In 1992 she established an endowed book fund in honor of her father, **Robert Bruce Lindsay** '20, a former professor of physics and dean of the Graduate School at Brown. She was very active in the Alumni Association, serving as secretary of the Washington Pembroke Club and on several alumni-student liaison committees. Phi Beta Kappa. She is survived by her husband, **Richard Roberts** '49, 5170 Phantom Ct., Columbia 21044.

Robert A. Rocchio '47, East Greenwich, R.I.; Jan. 16. He was president and owner of the former Norwood Chevrolet dealership for forty-five years, retiring in 1991. He served on the National Chevrolet Dealers Council and was president of the Rhode Island Chevrolet Dealers' Advertising Association. A U.S. Army veteran of World War II, he received the Purple Heart. He is survived by his wife, Ruth, 152 Crompton Ave., #B16, E. Greenwich 02818; a son; and four daughters.

Robert A. Day '48, New York City; Jan. 19. A Joyce scholar and an expert on eighteenth-century English literature, he had recently retired as a professor of comparative literature in the Graduate School of the City University of New York, where he had taught since 1970. He had previously taught at Queens College, CUNY. He served in the U.S. Army Medical Corps and was an editor of the student magazine, *Bumoma*, while at Brown. Phi Beta Kappa.

Benjamin Latt '48, Bethesda, Md.; Dec. 29. He was an administrator for several nursing homes and a management consultant to the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare in Washington, D.C. A member of the American College of Hospital Administrators, he received two Bronze Stars for his service in the U.S. Army Medical Service Corps during World War II and the Korean War. He is survived by his wife, Renée, 6007 Walton Rd., Bethesda 20815; a son; and a daughter.

Ann Whipple Briziarelli '49 Sc.M., Morristown, N.J.; Apr. 1, 1995. She is survived by a daughter, Susan Briziarelli, of San Diego.

Frank A. Hopkins Jr. '49, Stonington, Conn.; Feb. 12. He was executive vice president of North American Phillips Co., and a past vice president of U.S. Rubber Co. (Unroyal). He was a U.S. Navy veteran of World War II. He is survived by his wife, Lois, P.O. Box 2, Stonington 06378; two daughters; and three sons.

Julian M. Kaplan '49, Toledo, Ohio; June 11, from injuries suffered in an automobile accident. He practiced law in Toledo for forty-two years, specializing in business, real estate, and tax law. He was a U.S. Army veteran of the Korean war. Phi Beta Kappa. He is survived by his wife, Rosann; two sons; and a daughter.

Wilbert N. Prentice '50 A.M., Granville, Ohio; Aug. 3. He was a professor of mathematics and the first director of the computer center at Denison University, where he established and directed the National Science Foundation's Summer Institute for Secondary Teachers of Mathematics. He served six months in the Royal Canadian Air Force, then transferred to the U.S. Navy during World War II. He is survived by his wife, Betty, 117 Locust Pl., Granville 43023.

Thomas J. Howell '51 A.M., '60 Ph.D., Smithfield, R.I.; He was professor emeritus and former chair of the department of philosophy at Rhode Island College. A Fulbright scholar in France, he was also a Harold Benjamin Fellow in International Education in Rome. A member of the board of overseers at the Moses Brown School from 1977 to 1978, he was active in many professional and academic societies and was widely published. He is survived by his wife, **Olga Calabro Howell** '53, 230 John Mowry Rd., Smithfield 02917; and a son, **Philip** '82.

John B. Lohman '52 Ph.D., Arlington, Va.; Oct. 26. He was an analyst with the operations evaluation group of the U.S. Navy.

Arthur W. Murphy Jr. '59, Annandale, Va.; Dec. 19. He was a retired U.S. Navy Commander, serving in Vietnam on the staff of the U.S. Naval Command. He was also on the command staff of Carrier Division Four, worked with the Commander-in-Chief of U.S. Naval Forces Europe, and was the intelligence officer on the U.S.S. *Eisenhower's* maiden voyage. He also served in the Office of Naval Intelligence, the Office of the Chief of Naval Operations, and the Defense Intelligence Agency. He was awarded the Defense Meritorious Service Medal, the Navy Meritorious Service Medal, and the Navy Commendation Medal. He is survived by his sister, Virginia M. Gragan.

Richard J. Brady '61 M.A.T., Chicago; Aug. 8. He was a retired biology instructor at Moraine Valley Community College in Palos Hills, Ill. Previously, he had been audiovisual director for East Leyden High School in Illinois. He is survived by his wife, Ann, 5111 N. Menard, Chicago 60630; and four children.

Martin P. Crowley Jr. '66 M.A.T., Woonsocket, R.I.; Jan. 31. The 1995 recipient of the Rotarian Vocational Achievement Award, he was a former chair of the history department at Woonsocket High School and president of the Woonsocket Teachers' Guild. He was active in the Woonsocket Historical Society and a former delegate to the Rhode Island Constitutional Convention. He is survived by his wife, Geraldine, 455 Woodland Rd., Woonsocket 02895; a daughter; and three sons.

Winston S. Williams '66, New York City; Jan. 31, of pneumonia. A former business reporter for the *New York Times*, he was a senior reporter for Knight-Ridder Financial. He is survived by five brothers and four sisters.

Stephen N. Glass '71, Laurel, Md. He is survived by his wife, Julie Gershon Glass, 8444 Early Bud Way, Laurel 20723.

Juan Bernardo Piñeda '76, Bogotá, Colombia; 1987, of cancer. He is survived by his brothers, **Sergio** '77, 4821 Laurel, Bellaire, Tex. 77401; and **Mauricio** '81.

Hobart Taylor III '76, San Francisco. He was a director for Brown's student-run Production Workshop and active in the Brown drama department, once staging a midnight production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on the main green.

Kurt P. Niemand '92, New Lebanon, N.Y.; Feb. 23, 1995. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arno Niemand, P.O. Box 819, New Lebanon 12125. ☞

quarter inches long and three-eighths of an inch square in cross-section. The bar is made of a ceramic known as aluminum oxide, or alumina, a derivative of bauxite. Although the bar is worth about \$10, O'Brien explains that with its molecules only slightly altered it would be a \$389 bar of sapphire, which is another, more familiar, form of alumina.

Alumina's advantage over nickel is that it can easily operate at 2,200 degrees Fahrenheit without becoming deformed, a significant improvement over today's metal alloys. Its potentially crippling disadvantage, however, is bad "fracture resistance." It shatters easily. The result of its doing so in a jet engine at 20,000 feet would not be pretty. To test the strength of jet engine materials, the Federal Aviation Administration requires what O'Brien calls "the frozen-butterball test." Dead geese are fired from a cannon at 200 miles per hour into an operating jet engine, to reflect the common tendency of such engines to suck up birds. To be approved, the engine must show no signs of indigestion after consuming this fowl meal. For alumina, O'Brien says, "creep is not a problem. Birds are a problem."

Since 1994 O'Brien has been trying to figure out how to get alumina to pass the frozen-butterball test. Five years ago this would have been a foolish idea, on a par with getting a goose to pass intact through a few sets of spinning turbine blades. Altering such fundamental properties means messing with molecules, or in the jargon of engineering, working with "nanostructure materials." The answer, O'Brien hopes, is contained in the bar of alumina he now carefully sets on his desk.

The bar is in fact two 70-millimeter bars bonded horizontally with a film of alumina roughly three microns (or three one-thousandths of a millimeter) thick. The idea, O'Brien says, is to alter a ceramic's customary behavior to increase its fracture resistance. Normally a crack appearing in a ceramic wants to spread all over the brittle material. O'Brien hopes to direct the cracks into these thin coatings of alumina film, where they will exhaust their energy without affecting the rest of the larger mass. "I have to persuade the crack to do something pathological," O'Brien says. "It really wants to follow its normal path, which is to go straight through the material, shattering it. I want it to meet this thin layer and go left and right."

It hasn't been easy. The first problem was finding a way to coat the alumina bars with an alumina powder so fine and pure it could exist in a perfectly even layer only three microns thick. At the suggestion of Larry Remhart, then a research engineer for Professor of Engineering Theodore Morse, O'Brien adapted a machine used to coat fiber-optic cable. "I

don't know of anyone else who's used this technique to develop a mechanical property before," O'Brien says. "I'm using the machine like a glorified aerosol spray can." Over the summer of 1994 Diana Ferris '96 worked with O'Brien to get the coating just right, spraying bars and examining them under an electron microscope.

Then O'Brien bonded the bars in a hot press at a temperature of 2,200 degrees Fahrenheit, under pressures ranging from 750 to 4,500 pounds per square inch. He next introduced a crack into the top bar. If the coating and bond were just right, the thin alumina coating would begin to absorb the crack, and O'Brien would then mount the assembly onto the tensile-strength testing machine to test its true fracture resistance. For about six months he experimented this way, doing little more than shattering dozens of alumina bars. The turning point came on September 29, when O'Brien for the first time was able to control the growth of a crack in the alumina film. Since then he has been refining his results. In April he traveled to the annual meeting of the American Ceramics Society to present his research.

In the same metal bookcase that contains his alumina bars, O'Brien has placed a copy of a book titled *Mechanical Behavior of Materials*. It is, he says, "my prized possession," because it is autographed by Ali S. Argon, one of its editors. Published in 1966, the book remains a bible in the field. One day in March, O'Brien drove up to MIT to present his results to Argon himself. Argon listened carefully, challenged O'Brien's explanations, and finally gave his approval. "What Michael does is very good science," Argon later said, conveying the highest compliment one engineer can grant another. "Will it be commercial? That's a tall order. The step in between doing this in the lab and getting a company to invest in it is huge. The materials used in jet engines now have been around twenty to thirty years. They are reliable. There isn't anything beyond them. That's why the super-alloys are so good." Ceramics, Argon believes, will never pass the frozen-butterball test.

For O'Brien's purposes, the question is finally irrelevant. "I've learned something fundamental [about structural behavior]," he says. "The thinking and the process are more important than the material." He hopes to finish his dissertation in September and move on to a postdoctoral position in southern California, where his wife will be completing her residency. For now, at least, he will most likely leave cracks and alumina behind and focus on biomaterials. After two years of coaxing Coke cans out of coffee cups, perhaps making a manmade material act like human tissue will be a breeze. ☞

Time Tripping

*Don't be embarrassed, don't be shy!
Whether you're an overweight lady
or a balding guy,
We're all changed to some degree.
No one will notice. Come and see!*

FROM AN INVITATION TO A CAMPUS DANCE
PARTY AT THIS YEAR'S 25TH REUNION

No one will notice." *No one will notice?*

Please. The whole point about reunions is that everyone notices. Everything.

But let's fiddle with time here a minute. Let's back up twenty-five years to when we were still in college. A crazy rumor was floating around campus that we might be graduating in another few months. Just a rumor, mind you, but we thought we'd better prepare by playing a little game called "Reunion Rehearsal." I would hobble into our suite in Hegeman B hunched over, as though the world had broken my back in a dozen places. My suitemate Shpiz would walk in babbling incoherently to himself, as if time had turned his brain to mush. Our roommate Johnny would just be crying at the very idea of being forty-six.

We were twenty-one years old, and time-tripping was one of the more redemptive trips we took in those days. What we were doing was trying to visualize the fully formed version of our post-adolescent selves. In twenty-five years, how would the world have treated us? Would we come to the reunion as weathered world travelers, our bags stashed in the trunk of a mud-splattered Land Rover against the ever-pending dash to the airport? Would we bounce in as family men, diaper bags bulging against the certainty we would be called any moment to a domestic boy client?

Imagining our futures said a lot about us at the time; it may even have informed the decisions we would make later. What we imagined, in other words, went a long

way toward defining who we were to become.

Now let's pop into fast forward and come up against the present. It's spring 1996, the evening of the Campus Dance. Not rehearsal anymore; the real thing. You're nervous because you know there's no more pretending you might be otherwise if you ever decide to grow up. How you go is who you are.

You're strolling in through the Faunce House arch. Lights festoon the Green. The bunny hop is in progress. Classmates are poised to gauge just how far from your college image your adult persona has ended up, how much you have stripped yourself bare of the ennuï and cynicism you so carefully affected as a sophomore. "Oh, my God" is the phrase on everyone's lips. But with an entirely unexpected sense of safety, you are moved by how stripped-bare and vulnerable *everyone* is. Hugged by a dozen old classmates, kids who knew you in your larval stage, you feel beloved—broken back and all.

Flash forward another four hours. The Campus Dance is over. The yearbook photo on your nametag smirks sadly; there is a poignance to how callow you were. You have repaired to a Wickenden Street bar to reconnoiter. It's Reunion Recollection time.

Some lessons you have learned: Life did not treat all grads with equal fairness. Class officers and braggarts fared the worst. The hottest babes became high-school guidance counselors. Everyone was starting to look like their parents. Best of

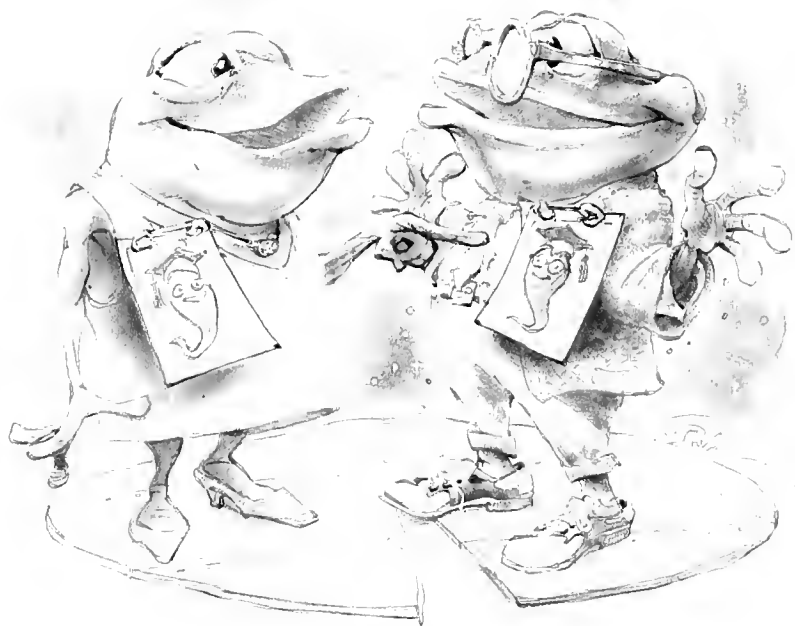
all, you witnessed all this because you were better able to see through the damnable shroud of yourself to how the world was affecting others. Maybe that is what adulthood means. You can peek out of the blinders at last to partake of the human condition. Hallelujah! Bartender!

And if you're lucky enough to have an alert bartender, here is what he may tell you. Our society does not have many rites of passage; reunion is one of the few. That's why we played Reunion Rehearsal way back when and why we'll play Reunion Recollection ever after. It's a way of putting us in touch with the magic delirium of time.

What it reminds the bartender of, see, is the Saturday afternoon he went back to his boarded-up elementary school, sat in the abandoned playground with the rusted chain-link of the swing set fitting familiarly into his palm. When as in a dream the doorknob to the schoolhouse turned in his hand, he found himself standing in the hall, flooded with the ancient aromas of Crayola and floor wax. With a jolt of peace he realized what my roommates seemed to have instinctively realized back in 1971, and what with any luck all of us will realize again and again before the whole shebang is over.

Life is a wink in time. We could be young again in a heartbeat. ☺

Daniel Asa Rose, a writer from Rehoboth, Massachusetts, and Santa Monica, California, will be speaking at a Commencement Forum during his 25th reunion this month.



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